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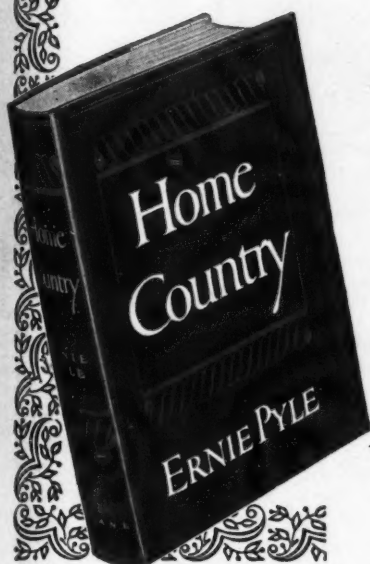
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COVER • "DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS" • SHOSTAL

Frontispiece photo ("Now the Day is Over") Kabel Art Photo

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Among Those Present...

Harry Edward Neal, who wrote the short story *With Love, John* (see page 19), lives during the week in Washington, D. C.,



where he is a member of the U. S. Secret Service. But on week-ends he forgets sleuthing, packs his wife and two youngsters and their mongrel pup into the car and heads for a log-cabin retreat in the wilds of Virginia.

This place he calls "Pen Point" because it is on a lake peninsula "and because my stories and articles, all written there, help to pay off the mortgage!"

He got his start in writing four years ago when he took a night-class course in creative writing at American University. This is his first story in *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. It won't be his last—if we can help it!

Lowell Thomas hesitated not a moment when we asked him to tell us about the unique little church which for years has engaged so much of his interest and effort. He declared "time out" from all the terrific pressure that rules his life to write for us the engaging sketch titled

Little Church on Quaker Hill, which on page 25 gives you a look inside the sanctuary at Pawling. The photo accompanying was lifted off the wall of his office so that you might see it from the outside.



Jacob S. Payton, who did the "profile" on Abraham Vereide (*He Calls Congressmen to Prayer*, page 34), probably knows more about Washington and about the men and women on Capitol Hill than any other writer in the field of religious journalism. His sharp observations on the religious significance of political trends and personalities have enlivened the



pages of the church press for years. Now serving as Washington correspondent for Methodist and Disciples of Christ periodicals, he spent the war years as executive secretary of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains and as assistant director of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains.

William F. McDermott (*The Cattle Boats of God*, page 20) could send us no photo, he says, due to the fact that "it has been years since I indulged in the vanity of having my picture taken." A better excuse, we think, is the fact that this lively and popular writer is seldom still long

enough to be caught by anything slower than a high-speed lens.

Widely known to readers of such magazines as *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping* and *McCall's* (to mention just a few that have printed his 300-plus articles), Bill McDermott has happily combined two absorbing careers, journalism and the ministry. He was religion editor of the *Chicago Daily News* for 16 years.

George Wendell Jung, who tells us about the redoubtable Anthony Monteiro in the article *Industrial Chaplain* (page 44), is vice-president of Bloomfield College and Seminary at Bloomfield, N. J., scene of the new departure in seminary courses represented by Monteiro's classes in industrial chaplaincy. An alumnus of Bloomfield, and a former head of its Alumni Association, Dr. Jung served pastorates of Presbyterian churches in various New Jersey communities before taking on his present responsibility, his most recent pastorate being at Trenton's Third Presbyterian Church. His special tasks, in addition to looking after such things as student recruitment and extension services, relates to the seminary's brand-new and up-and-coming Department of Human Relations which promises to set the pace for similar undertakings by other colleges.



Nolan B. Harmon Jr. is Book Editor of The Methodist Church—a job which involves the examination of some 600 book manuscripts a year and the heavy responsibility of deciding just which ones should be chosen for publication by the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press and which should be sent back to their aspiring authors with a polite note of rejection.



That he manages to retain a marvelous sense of humor throughout all the storm and stress of such pressures is witnessed by the little article on page 6.

John Sutherland Bonnell, one of America's foremost clergymen and author of religious books and articles, writes our Sermon of the Month. *How to Conquer Your Fears* (page 40) gives you an idea of the helpful content of his messages. Lacking, of course, in any written piece is the power of the preacher's personality. That personality is one of the most potent factors in Dr. Bonnell's success as pastor of New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, to which he was called some twelve years ago. He not only preaches to packed pews every Sunday but conducts through the week one of the largest programs of Spiritual Counseling to be found anywhere in the land. His interest in personal counseling, he says, dates back to the two years he spent as a male nurse in a mental hospital before attending college. He served as a common soldier during World War I and was wounded twice.

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• *Do you not think that we should have a Christian hymn that would be sung everywhere and by all of us? "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" would be my selection. Let all the world stand and sing it.*

The one asking the question has answered it. His selection is mine! Years ago, "Mother" Clark, Mrs. Francis E. Clark who was co-founder of the Christian Endeavor Movement, named this hymn, "The Christian's National Anthem." Almost universally when congregations sing it they stand.

• *I am a schoolteacher situated in an isolated area of Newfoundland. We have no public library and very little reading material. Do you suppose that some CHRISTIAN HERALD readers might be interested in sending us magazines and books? This would mean a great deal to this community and to adjacent communities. Address: Otto Tucker, Change Island, N. D. Bay, Newfoundland.*

Those who read the question have the answer.

• *I was startled by your apparent endorsement of anti-vivisection. I just can't believe it! Surely you realize that scientists and laboratory technicians use humane methods in experimenting with animals. Here, as everywhere else, there are exceptions to the rule but here as nowhere else men and women of highest character, genius and training, search for the answer to cancer, to all the diseases of the heart and other vital organs. Did you not misquote yourself?*

I am not an anti-vivisectionist. My answer was incomplete and being directed solely at a specific instance which involved indefensible pictures in a widely circulated journal. I agree with every implication of the above question. During the war little boys gave their pet dogs to their country for military service. Young men and young women became guinea pigs for experiments in which their lives were endangered. The dogs I have loved and that have loved me would have given their lives for me and could they have chosen would, I know, have been eagerly willing to offer themselves to science. And now will come another flood of letters! Nevertheless this is my final word!

• *Has the reported discovery of Noah's Ark on the summit of Mt. Ararat, in Armenia, been confirmed? Would the mountain be high enough to maintain a state of perpetual frost in which the Ark might have been preserved?*

There has been no confirmation of the discovery of Noah's Ark. Indeed archeologists and others well acquainted with that vast region insist that it is just another "story." Mt. Ararat is really two mountains, the one peak being 13,000 ft. high and the other 17,000 ft.

• *What is a mystic?*

Webster defines a mystic as follows: "One who professes mysticism," and mysticism is defined as "the teaching or doctrine of those who claim they have direct communication with God and knowledge of spiritual things beyond their natural faculties to understand or explain." Bernard of Clairvaux and St. Bonaventure are the best known of the men Christian mystics. St. Theresa is first among the women. Mysticism in the East is more prolific in its personalities than mysticism in the West. Buddha was a mystic, and both the ancient and modern "masters" of India are mystics. The most widely read American writer in the field of mysticism is Dr. Rufus Jones of Swathmore.

• *Is it true that a rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven?*

No. Confusion has arisen at this point because of the words of Jesus affirming that "it is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle." This is language of the East. As written elsewhere in the Scriptures, it is not riches but the love of riches that is the "root of evil." Not wealth, but our attitude toward it, determines character.

• *How can CHRISTIAN HERALD be accepted as consistent when it carries some advertising that I and many others regard as pernicious? Is liquor the only thing you condemn?*

The one asking this question refers specifically to advertisements (there are only a few of these) which I have also

condemned. They will not appear again. However, there are other advertisements which leave room for differences of opinion. No advertisements will appear in CHRISTIAN HERALD that have not been carefully checked and whose claims have not been confirmed by our search. Unfortunately slips have occurred. We are still not perfect, but we shall do our best.

• *I am told that Henry Wallace and family are Catholics. I write without prejudice but would like the facts.*

Henry Wallace and family are not Catholics. The family is, and has been for generations, Protestant.

• *My son is a member of an organization of young farm folk. One of the monthly meetings of the organization is an old-fashioned barn dance. Our large barn is turned over to these young people in June. Certain neighbors severely criticize us, but we have been happy to give more than two hundred young people their good time here rather than in a road-house. The evening is carefully chaperoned and there has never been an "incident"! Because we are church people we have been called "hypocrites." What do you think?*

I would like to attend the party. I wish that we had more "hypocrites" of this kind in America. The question really answers itself.

• *Please give the proper position of the Christian and the American flag in a church sanctuary. Which should be at the pastor's right?*

While there is no law this is the approved placing: When the flags are within the chancel—that is, behind the pulpit or by the pulpit but still behind the altar railing—the Stars and Stripes should be at the minister's right and the Christian flag at his left. When the flags are in front of the minister and outside the chancel their positions should be reversed.

• *Do the Scriptures tell us that those who have passed on are still able to see us?*

Not directly, perhaps, but certainly by implication. Jesus, in His parable of Lazarus and the rich man, has the two recognizing each other and conversing, the rich man from the place of his torment and Lazarus from "Abraham's bosom." On the Mount of Transfiguration, Jesus talks with visitors from Heaven and His disciples recognize them. The Scriptures, both Old and New, are filled with similar experiences. For me the most comforting words are found in the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Personally, I believe in such recognition.

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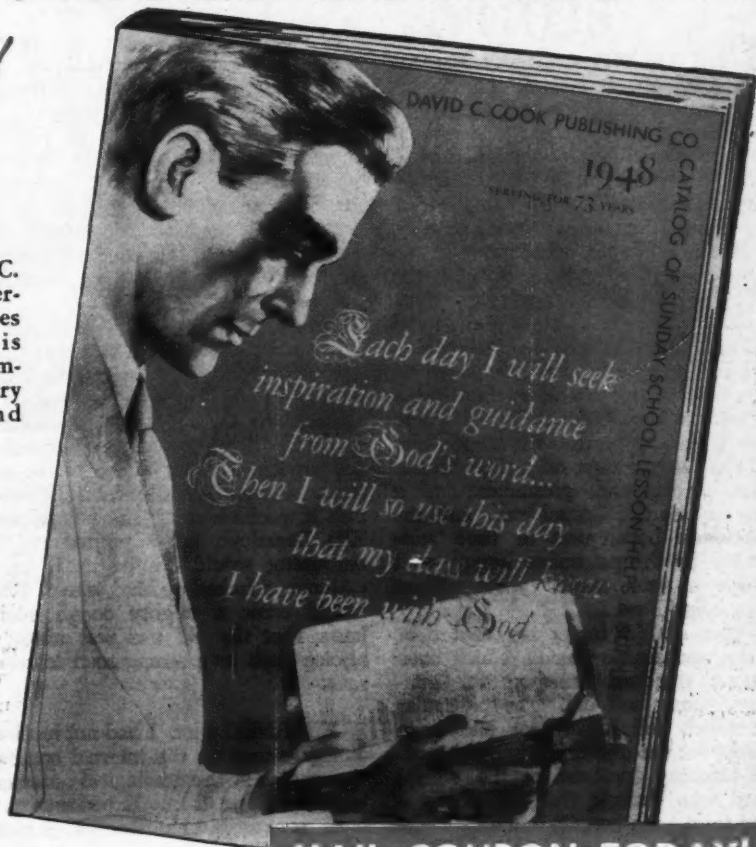
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An Ode to the 'Model T'

By NOLAN B. HARMON, JR.

THE DEATH of Henry Ford in April of this year marks the end of an era. He lived through a period of transition and saw the powerful unchecked individualism, which he so well exemplified, blocked and blanketed by the tides of collectivism which have swept over us all within these last years—with the end not yet in sight.

But what this article is about is the debt that I—and indeed the whole Christian Church—owes to the Model T Ford. The circuit-rider's horse has had his due and been celebrated in song and story. He is, in fact, on a pedestal in the Nation's Capitol where Francis Asbury himself sits astride him—a tired bronze rider on a tired bronze horse, at the end, presumably, of a long day on the Gospel trail. The circuit-rider's horse was in time supplanted by the parsonage buggy, well known to our tender years. Then along came Ford . . .

Never shall I forget my own debt to the remarkable vehicle which soon became standard transport for ministers, young and old. The particular car which fell to my lot had been bought for me ahead of time by some well-meaning brethren of the official board who thought that they knew a good third-hand bargain when they saw one. Maybe they did. At any rate, when I landed in my first appointment there was a Ford all set and ready to go. All I had to do was pay for it with about half my first year's salary, if and when.

What a car! It belonged to an ancient vintage even then. It had acetylene lights—and there was no acetylene. (In fact, I haven't found any acetylene yet.) The right front stanchion post, or whatever held up the roof, was broken. It lacked a couple of "curtains," as the black oil-cloth flaps were courteously termed, and the ones that remained wouldn't button, come a sudden rain. The canvas roof leaked;

the timer was temperamental; and you had to get out when gas was bought, as the tank was under the seat.

The self-starter? I was it. Furthermore, the hind fenders did not hug the wheels as fenders should, but stuck straight out behind, looking for all the world like a Louisiana mosquito before he has retracted his landing gear—or landed his retracting gear, whatever he does.

Of course, the thing had its peculiarities. The timer especially would act up. Often I have gone into the pulpit with my hands grease-black from a session with the timer down the road a mile or so from the church just before the service. I was afraid to make gestures. On occasional bitter cold mornings it wouldn't start. But half of Aunt Ella Barnsley's kettle poured on the carburetor would do the trick, or, in exaemes, a jacked-up hind wheel. Then would come a mighty cough and I knew that the old bus was about to rejoice itself as a strong man to run a race.

I LEARNED a lot. I had not received any course on the internal combustion engine at the theological seminary, but I got one then. Experience is a hard teacher, but she teaches. I could tell a cough that meant a choked feed pipe from one that meant a wet coil. I knew when it meant water in the tank or whether the Old Number Three plug was drowned in oil again. What the theologians had forgot to tell a young preacher, I found out for myself.

And I was not the only one. Many a rural preacher owes some sort of vote of gratitude to Ford. Maybe it wouldn't look dignified to have a bronze blue-serged preacher sitting in a bronze "tin lizzie" reared back on two wheels—no dignity, no glamor and absolutely no heroics. But with the aid of the Model T, the appointments were

met, the schedule was kept, the Church moved and grew.

I could tell stories, personal stories. I well remember the time I had broken the rear fender and had to wire it up—it stuck straight up above the car instead of straight back as was its custom. This happened in Washington, and who should be coming but President Woodrow Wilson and cavalcade. I pulled up, jumped out, took off my hat in salute to this man whom I then, and do now, tremendously admire—a man who was willing to see himself break but never his timeless principles. The presidential entourage passed, and then I cranked up and set out to get another glimpse of the President as he was entering the White House grounds. But the secret service men heard me coming—I mean *heard*—they saw my nondescript craft and they waved me back and back and back and back—and that was all.

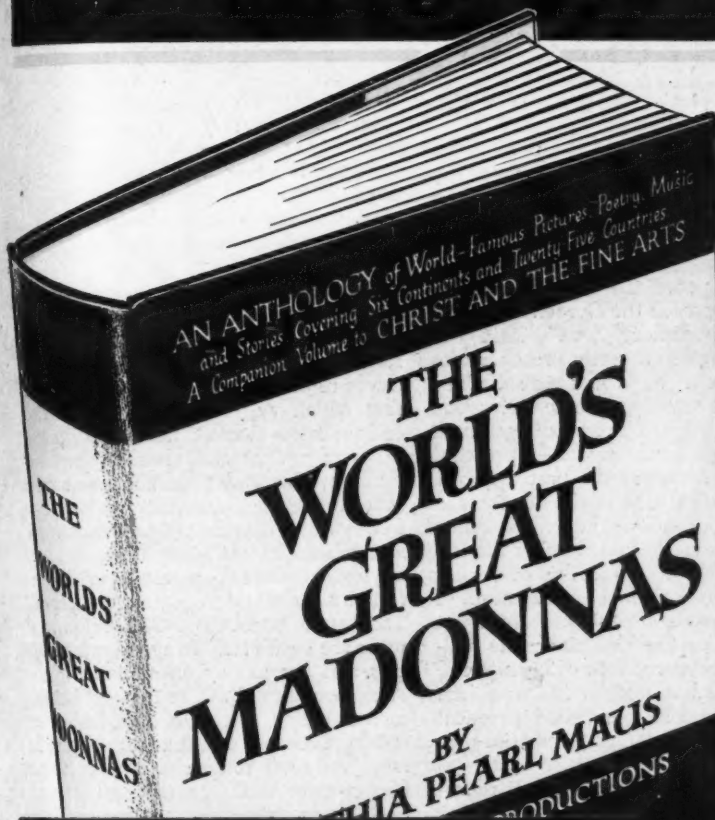
Then there was the time I repeatedly killed the engine in front of a big funeral procession. Everything would stop. I'd get out and wind up, get back in and off we'd go—for about 20 yards. Once I got home at two o'clock one morning after a trip to Baltimore—three rims, two cylinders, no muffler and no supper.

I FIXED up electric lights on the thing early in the game, gearing these myself to the magneto that fed the spark. The result was remarkable. You couldn't see unless you were going fast. If you slowed down, your lights dwindled to a glow-worm glimmer. If you undertook to reconnoiter something ahead, and slowed to see what that thing was before you went into it so fast, you couldn't see anything at all. (Which situation I often have used as an illustration of the fact that the folks who get going in the Christian faith are the ones who can really see what it is all about; the doers are the illuminati: "He that doeth the will, shall know the doctrine.")

Well, as Kipling would say, that is all behind me, "long ago and far away." One travels faster now—streamliners, planes. But I sometimes wish these modern vehicles were as sure to get one to his destination as was the old Ford.

John Wesley, who had some curious ideas, among them animal immortality, is said to have remarked that he hoped to meet his old horse in heaven. Well, let him. I shouldn't particularly want to see my old Ford. Those G & J tires wouldn't get the right sort of traction on streets of gold, and the guiding ruts would be unknown. But on a winter's road, after the first thaw, or facing a red clay hill in a summer storm, with church 20 minutes and seven miles away—that faithful car would get you there!

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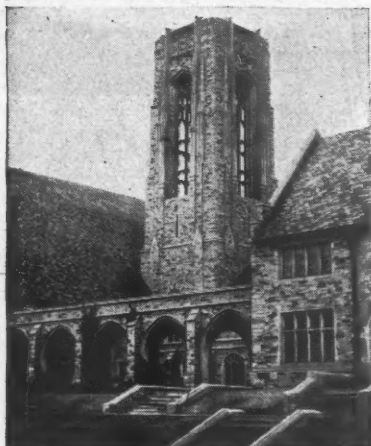
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Sunday School Lessons

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, September 7th

EARNING AND SPENDING

PROVERBS 11:24-27, 16:8; ECCLESIASTES 5:10, 11; JAMES 5:1-6

"SOFT pedal the money question. Just preach the Gospel. We want a spiritual ministry here." That was the advice given a young preacher who recently came to his first parish. They might have given the same instruction to Jesus. He had more to say about money than about any other practical problem. He found the best evidence of the moral collapse of the Pharisees in their love of money. Indeed the Bible, from beginning to end, teaches the importance of good stewardship of wealth. Solomon spoke from the background of his own personal experience. No doubt his conscience troubled him as he realized how the abundance of his material blessings had soured in his own life. Certainly he left some good practical advice for all coming generations to read.

Money is a symbol of life. It represents the investment of time and talent by someone. If \$4 or \$8, or any given sum is the wage for a day's work, then it represents a day out of life. If the Lord has any claim on life, He also has claim on our possessions. If accepting Christ as Lord and Saviour means the consecration of talents, it also means the consecration of money. The very word *talent* first meant a sum of money as Jesus used it (Matthew 25). The unfaithful servant buried money, wrapped in a napkin. No Christian can bypass the money question.

There is a Christian way to earn money. Our Scripture passages emphasize the importance of "righteous money." Our wealth should be ours justly. Something more is required of a Christian than legal right to his possessions. There is a graceful way to make money. It means whole-hearted service, work done as well as possible, honest effort, fair prices, good measure and, above all, the spirit of the Golden Rule. "Let the buyer beware," and "Charge all the traffic will bear" are not Christian slogans. Ruskin wrote, "The man who works for wages is a humbug." He meant that the joy and pride of good workmanship, of a job well done, should push the money motive into the background. Our whole American economy is in danger because the money returns for labor and management have become of major importance while the service

rendered has become a minor consideration. No Christian should be willing to accept money earned in any way that Christ would not approve.

THERE IS A Christian way to spend money. We can agree without argument that it is not Christian to spend for that which degrades and injures ourselves or others. We can also set aside that which we cannot afford. In the end we know that our debts will "catch up with us." Installment buying encourages this and it is good common sense to consider our ability to pay before we buy anything. Many unhappy and broken homes result from reckless buying. What of the pleasures and comforts we can afford to buy for ourselves? The answer is not easy. Selfishness and pride are basic sins. To spend our energies and our money on ourselves produces hard hearts and in the end brings no satisfaction. Pleasure, like alcohol or opium, becomes a habit and requires more and more to satisfy. Finally it no longer gives a lift to the spirits and like Solomon we find "all is vanity."

There is another factor the Christian must consider beside earning and spending. He must learn how to give. Tithing was the plan God instituted for His people. The good Jew recognized that one tenth of his income belonged to God. As with all laws there were spiritual dangers in the path of the tither. Legal minds weighed and measured, down to the last ounce. Having tithed, many became proud of their generosity. They forgot that all they had was the gift of God. Some, like Jacob, thought they could make a "deal" with God, and, by tithing, claim the reward of His blessings. There are also questions that trouble the legal-minded tither. Just what is income and what capital? One tenth for a rich man means no sacrifice, while for the poor man it might mean going without essentials. What standard of living should the poorest man justly claim?

Space is too limited here for any full discussion of tithing. I believe that the tithe is the least a Christian should give. Remembering what Christ means to him, his standard of giving should not be less than that of the Israelites. A better term for Christian giving is "proportionate giving." As our incomes grow we should be giving a larger proportion for that which would please Christ. There is something sadly wrong
(Continued on page 53)



"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."... If Isaac could mistake his own son, how easy it is to mischoose teaching materials for the church school. Here, for example, are commercially produced lesson helps, seemingly adequate, attractively presented, "reasonably" priced. And here are materials prepared by your own denominational publishing house. Which shall it be?

Let us see... *are* they as adequate as they seem, these commercial materials? Do they follow the educational program of your own church group? Do they build on the history and beliefs of your faith? Do they interpret God's Word in the language of your denomination? And the price... *is* it reasonable? Does the net income from the sale of these materials nourish the missionary movement of your group? *You* answer.

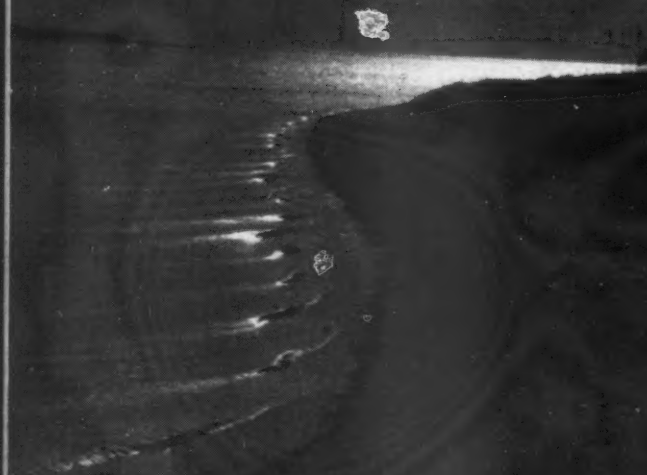
Your official church publishing house can say YES to each of the above questions when answering for its own teaching materials.

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You need your publishing house: your publishing house needs you.

A joint message of the Official Protestant Publishers Group, Box 67, Chicago 90, Illinois

*Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky...*





NEWS

A Department of Interpretation and Comment

Edited by **GABRIEL COURIER**

AT HOME

SOUVENIR: Two ex-GI's—one a Chicago photographer and the other a student at Princeton—fell into the FBI net this month, for collecting souvenirs of World War II. It just happened that the souvenirs consisted of "top secret" pictures and data on the atom bomb. The two boys just picked them up and took them home.

Those of us who are plain ordinary laymen got something of a jolt when we read about it. The FBI tells us that the boys are definitely not agents of any foreign government; it was just one of those innocent pranks! It strikes us that the boys are not the real culprits here. A Chicago columnist tries to blame the American people for it: "Too many people don't know, and won't bother to understand, what possession of the bomb means. . . . The American people need a thorough educational program on the atom bomb. . . ." The poor American people!

But the American people weren't criminally negligent in leaving such top-secret data lying around where any GI Joe with a yen for souvenirs could get at it as easily as a yeggman blowing a safe in an unguarded bank. Who did that?

TAX: Having failed to get their first tax-relief bill through both houses of Congress and the executive veto, the Republicans have tried again with a bill almost identical to the first one. Why, we can't figure out. It was made clear to the proponents of that first bill that it meant far too much relief for the rich, who can well afford to pay taxes, and far too little for the poor or middle-income man, who can't afford what he's paying now. But they insisted on cramming through a second bill, written in the interests of the same income brackets. It is just that sort of Republican thinking and tactic that kept

Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House for four terms.

Now comes word that Republican strategists contemplate the enactment of a federal sales or excise tax, hoping thereby to "shift much of the burden that is now being carried by the income tax group over to excises." What they forget is that the economic effect of such a tax is equivalent to a rise in prices or a cut in wages. It is not an effort to put the tax burden on those who can best carry it; this is an attempt to put an equal tax on everybody, and therefore hurt those most who are least able to pay.

Tax experts without number, in recent years, have advocated the abolition of the sales and excise taxes we have now, in order to increase mass purchasing power, the flow of goods and the national income. In the face of that advice, the majority party sticks to its outmoded economic muskets, and plans to force on the American people a tax we believe the people will never accept.

What the Republicans are doing, in one move after another, is to put ammunition in the guns of the Democrats.

SAUCERS: Did you see one of those flying saucers? Sometimes, we think we are the only American who didn't see one—or ten.

The whole thing could easily have been a case of mass imagination, or mass nerve-jitters. It isn't so long ago, as time flies, that some other Americans thought they saw witches on broomsticks, up New England way. But that isn't what bothers us, about this saucer business. What gets us is that we have not, as yet, any effective warning system against missiles in the air that might not be imaginary saucers, but honest-to-goodness bombs loaded with sudden death.

What we are waiting for is a radar umbrella that will extend from coast to coast—an electronic system that will give immediate warning of anything loose in the skies over America. It isn't

impossible; it's just a case of research and money. It would cost a lot of money. A system of radar warning stations stretched only along the Arctic coast would cost in the neighborhood of two billion dollars. A lot of money, especially in a day when we are all talking about reducing taxes and thereby cutting off still more of our defenses.

But while we scream for lower taxes, Russia employs 7,000 German scientists to perfect the V-2 bomb, the highly successful supersonic flying bomb of World War II. That bomb has been flown, experimentally, over Sweden, since the War. And now comes a scientist from California to tell us that that day is not far off when the Americans will have a rocket bomb capable of climbing 200 miles and more, straight up, and of crossing the United States in 26 minutes.

We need protection against *that* more than we need a ten percent cut in income tax!

COURIER'S CUES: Highly secret Central Intelligence Group may be next government agency to be accused of employing Communist sympathizers! . . . Marshall is being credited with stirring Western Europe out of deadly postwar lethargy, also of forcing the Soviet to show its hand in opposing recovery of Europe. . . . Reason given in diplomatic circles for Russia's opposition to Marshall plan: If she cooperated, her people would find out too much of Soviet poverty, etc. . . . Republicans, anxious to elect few more Negroes to Congress and thus snare few more Negro votes in Presidential, may run Negro against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California. . . . Watch for Soviet-Iranian showdown when Iranian Parliament meets. Ferenc Nagy, exiled Hungarian premier, is writing exposé-book on Russian tactics in Balkans. . . . U.S. auto men are working on revolutionary steam-bus or truck engine constructed like jet engine, it will upset whole market. . . . And that's all for this month.

STATE? Forty-eight times (perhaps once for each star in the Flag) the U. S. Congress has refused to make Hawaii a state. But on June 30, for the first time in our history, the House voted to make that territory the 49th state. The number on the bill was HR49.

The Senate must also vote favorably, before Hawaii can come in—which the Senate will probably not do, at least this year. There is still much opposition to the move. Some of it is unworthy (Congressman Preston of Georgia says it will make 180,000 Japanese in Hawaii equal citizens with continental residents, and that is something worse than unworthy; it is complete ignorance), and some of it rises out of disinterest. Statehood will not come this year. We doubt that it will come in a century: Hawaii is too far from the continental shore.

ABROAD

GERMANY: Not only is Europe divided neatly into parts, and the world too; the sorest spot in the world is subdivided. Germany is clearly split between two conquerors: the Americans and the British, and the Russians.

In the past few weeks most British and American higher-ups have been saying frankly that the Soviet is working deliberately for such a division. Six months ago, opinion was divided fifty-fifty on the prospect of Germany becoming united; now two to one say it can never be united, if the status quo is maintained.

This is bad news. A permanent split will mean that two armed camps will be watching each other on the Elbe: the American, French and British troops on

great hope of a bloody but unbowed mankind, lies in ruins. We have not one world; we have two. The line between them was cut deep last month by the action of Russia and the Russian satellites when they turned thumbs down on the Paris conference called to consider the Marshall Plan.

The satellites are more to be pitied than damned. Don't condemn them; they were helpless. They *had* to turn down that invitation; that there is no longer any freedom in the Russian-dominated states in Eastern Europe became plainer than plain when little Czechoslovakia said she couldn't come. The Kremlin ordered that, not the liberty-loving Czechs.

What now? Can the United Nations Organization go on much longer, as it is? It seems to us—and we will be roundly scolded for saying it—that the only recourse we have left is to so



TWO WORLDS. Wendell Willkie's great dream of One World grows dim as Russia exercises her veto in the U.N. and refuses to consider the Marshall Plan. We are now far removed from that East-West unity symbolized by the above photograph of American and Russian troops meeting in Germany just before V-E Day.

one bank, the Reds on the other. Not only will that mean an increased tax burden for those who must support those big armies; it means a prolonged, desperate economic situation for the Germans, and it provokes a situation in which conflict can break out overnight.

The Russians once favored at least economic unity in Germany. But when they failed to enlist the interest of the Germans in the (puppet) Socialist Unity Party, they changed their minds.

It is quite possible that the line dividing the Russian world from the Western world will be drawn through the body of the prostrate Reich. Then what?

TWO WORLDS: We may as well face it. The dream of Wendell Willkie, one

reorganize the U. N. that the paralyzing veto will be thrown into the discard. That will not be easy, for many American leaders (Vandenberg, Taft, Connally and Barkley, for instance), are at the moment quite as much opposed to the surrender of any national sovereignty as are the Russians. But why go on any longer telling ourselves that there is any security for any of us so long as the veto is maintained? As things stand now, we have only the security of two powerful rival blocs pitted against each other. And that is our idea of no security at all.

The people of the world may demand that their leaders reorganize the U. N. The people have run before their leaders, many times. It *can* happen again.

INDIA: Just as a landed class has been nearly wiped out in England, so a landed, princely class in India may be gone with the winds of Indian independence before the year is out. Princely is the word; these are the famed provincial princes kept in power beyond their time by force of British arms. They find themselves now caught between new Hindu and Moslem governments, without any protection whatever, as the British move out.

They are the fabulously rich despots who lived high while India starved; they wore emeralds on their buttons, rode gaudily decorated elephants at durbars, spent the best years of their lives on royal tiger-hunts and entertaining à la Croesus. Their thoughts turn now from lavish entertainment to the chances of survival; under either Mohammedan Pakistan or Hindu rule, they must become constitutional monarchs, or get out.

Many will get out, taking with them whatever they can of the spoils that remain. This is the death of a class in India, the end of an era. The princes will be erased by an unfolding Indian democracy, and India will be glad they are gone.

The lines of the new day, the new rulership, are forming fast. The British plan to have their last soldier out of there by June of 1948. By then the princes will either have knuckled under and promised to be good or folded their silken tents and, like the Arabs, have stolen—maybe to New York. Who knows?

TOURIST: Just as Uncle Sam decided to play ball with Dictator Peron of Argentina, Mr. Peron decided to play ball with France, Italy, Spain and any other democratic or ex-Fascist power in Europe that happens to have a ball. Out to keep the game lively, he sent the strangest ambassador in modern history: Mrs. Peron.

Mrs. Peron has been having quite a time of it. The write-ups covering her life and works in *Time* and *Life* have added nothing to her stature; the demonstrations of mean Communists and democrats in northern Italy forced her into temporary retirement in a Rome hotel; she became "ill." Some commentators are inclined to laugh at the whole performance, to consider it a comedy. But there are others who see in it unfolding tragedy.

Fascism, at least a love for Fascism, is strong in Peron. He plays along with the United States; he is quite ready to accept arms from Uncle Sam for the sake of "hemispherical defense." But who can say what use those arms will be put to, once they are in Peron's hands?

We have remarked before on all this; we remark again as Mrs. Peron, tourist, heads for home. She hasn't been spending all her time drinking tea and cock-

tails. With her pretty little foot she has been kicking together certain members of Fascism which we once thought dead, but which may still hold more dangerous fire than we thought possible.

We did not get rid of Fascism when we got rid of Mr. Mussolini.

JAPAN: General MacArthur said the other day that Japan will be unable to make war on anybody for a hundred years. Two things are responsible for this: the well-planned and well-executed elimination of those militaristic elements in Japan which led her into war, and the recent policy decision of the Far Eastern Commission dealing with the post-war treatment of Japan. The Commission supplied the final blow to whatever military ambitions Japan may still have cherished.

But one important phase still remains to be settled: that is economic. The Americans want to see Japan put back as soon as possible on a self-sustaining basis. The British—remembering the not-so-good days when Japan, thanks to her cheap labor, pushed British cotton and rayon products out of markets all over the world—want to put the clamps on *all* Japanese industry, and not alone on her (potential) armaments industries. Both powers are agreed on the military phase; there will be long debate over the economic.

Watch for Britain to insist upon strict control of *all* Japan's imports. That way we will know exactly what Japan is producing; that way, Britain can control the market. But—how long can we keep that up?

CHURCH NEWS

UNION: The International Society of Christian Endeavor, meeting in its first really international gathering since Pearl Harbor, lacked the numbers such conventions enjoyed in the pre-Pearl Harbor era, but it made up in enthusiasm and constructive thinking what it lacked in attendance. Most important of its many important actions was the proposal that "C.E." join in the creation of a new, all-inclusive Christian youth movement which would include C. E., several denominational youth organizations, and the already existing United Christian Youth Movement. This larger unity, as proposed at San Francisco, will invite and welcome all evangelical youth groups.

The plan will be presented to youth groups throughout American Protestantism; and C. E.'s final action, of course, depends upon the reactions of these various groups. Anything can happen—it is even possible that some group or other will not want to become a part of such a union. But the important thing here is that the great long step



Drawn especially for Christian Herald by F. O. Alexander

BACKSTAGE HECKLER

has been taken—and taken by C. E., which probably has more to gain, selfishly speaking, by maintaining its own "personality," its own international organization.

This union must be! Too long have our scattered youth organizations fought a losing fight—losing for the simple reason that they are scattered and divided, and too denominational. Sin and human pain know no sectarian boundaries; to get at them, Christian youth will need a united front.

Good luck, youth—and God bless you!

HAPPIEST: Winners of a contest (conducted by an annual Los Angeles construction industries show) to find the happiest married couple in Southern California are Reverend and Mrs. Leland Cook. They got a free (plane) trip to Banff, a number of modern gadgets for their home. We're less interested in the gadgets and the trip than we are in these ingredients for a happy marriage, as suggested by Mrs. Cook:

"Be Christian; have adoration, faith, respect, companionship and cooperation; avoid nagging, fault-finding, dictating and pettiness; recognize individuality and give each person the right to his own opinions and methods, his own likes and dislikes; don't force your personality on others; maintain a sense of humor, show gratitude, loyalty, cour-

tesy, and keep marriage sacred."

It looks like a good recipe. Complicated, and maybe a bit hard to work out in some situations, but still worth trying.

OVERSEAS: A visitor in our town called by the other day, found us in, and remarked: "You're the only one I've found in his office, out of seven visits. Has every clergyman and editor in this town gone to Europe?"

It does seem that way; 90 percent of the big fellows are either in Europe or on the way. They go to "study" Europe. One group of eighteen U.S. Protestant leaders will shortly take off on what is described as "a flying trip through Europe to obtain first-hand information on relief needs." Another group of ten Protestants has been invited to tour Yugoslavia, where they will have "full opportunity for consultation with religious leaders of all faiths."

It's nice, travelling. But we can't help wondering what all this accomplishes. Eighteen Protestant parsons on a flying trip through Europe to study relief? One Herbert Hoover is worth a carload of preachers-in-a-hurry; Mr. Hoover would know exactly what to look for, and how to judge what he saw. Tito is going to throw the doors wide open for another group? If he does, it will be the first time he has done it



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE

"Miss Christian Endeavor of 1947" is presented to Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of International Christian Endeavor, by Rev. Dr. Clifford H. Jope at the C. E. convention in San Francisco. She is Isabelle Leipt of Ohio. Shown also is Bill Boyd of Texas who is "Mr. C. E." They were the winners in a nation-wide contest.

since he signed up with Stalin. Such overseas jaunts cost a lot of money, too!

NOT SO BAD: We get letters every day bemoaning the state of the world, bemoaning the impotency of the Church, bemoaning the whole business of life and living in general. Some of those letters make us mad, and some make us laugh. The other day we heard a story which is the perfect answer to all.

It seems that a little stenographer named Helen O'Connor dropped in to pray at a Brooklyn Church; at her side was her pocketbook, containing \$41 which she had saved for a summer vacation. As she prayed, a thief slipped a quick hand into the bag, extracted the vacation money, got away.

The story of the theft got into the papers. Within a matter of days Helen O'Connor got a letter from a sympathizer—who enclosed a check for \$41. Much as she would have liked to keep it, she sent it back when she discovered that the check came from a man who had been saving it, a dime at a time, for a plastic surgery operation!

The world's full of people like this. Why don't we look for them?

INSIGHT: Every now and then a church leader lifts head and shoulders above the crowd and lets fly some statement which gives us new heart and courage. A young churchman in Atlanta, Georgia, came through with something the other day that should be put up on every Protestant bulletin board in this country.

The Rev. John Buckman Walthour, 42-year-old successor to Dean Raimundo deOvies, retired dean of the Cathedral of St. Philip, spent six years as chaplain at West Point before coming to Atlanta. At the Point, he ministered to a healthy flood of young Americans gathered from every possible religious background. He was a Protestant Episcopal chaplain, but he had a long, long view. He says: "I live for the day when the Episcopal Church will sponsor a bazaar in a Baptist Church, at which a Jewish auctioneer will sell goods for the benefit of a Roman Catholic orphanage . . . The greatest reason for church unity is that the churches can't work successfully for peace without it."

It's time somebody made a study of the new, young leadership that is developing in the South; this is one of the most encouraging signs on the whole church horizon.

OUSTED: Outside looking in, according to this morning's newspaper, is the Reverend Joseph A. Rabun, now expastor of Gene Talmadge's church—the Baptist Church of McRae, Georgia. You may remember him as the hero of a piece entitled "The Axemen Cometh," by Frank S. Mead, in the June issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD*.

The congregation voted sixty-seven to thirty-five to oust the preacher who dared oppose the Talmadgian philosophy of white supremacy. The only time he ever let the fight become personal at all was when he once accused his deacons (the real axemen villains of

the play) of "putting the name of Talmadge before God." He bears no resentment, now that the axe has fallen; he fully expected it.

Where he goes now isn't certain yet; he probably has more openings than he can possibly consider. Our interviewer found him not particularly worried over his own future; he was worried only over laying the foundation-stones of the Kingdom of God. And in that Kingdom, such a one as this will never be idle.

What has actually happened, of course, is that a local church has put itself in the doubtfully Christian column while it has raised its pastor to national prominence. The church will never recover from the blow it has dealt itself; the pastor has won a great victory for the cause of human brotherhood. That's all that matters.

TEMPERANCE

KANSAS: Every wet-inclined smartalec in the country has a happy-hunting-ground in Kansas, or so he thinks. Jibes at this state for its prohibition tendencies are cheaper than a dime a dozen—and we mean *cheaper*.

Laugh all you like at bone-dry Kansas, it is still true that the state has 54 counties without any insane, 54 counties without any feeble-minded, 96 counties without a poorhouse, 53 counties without a single person in jail and 56 counties without a single representative in the state prison!

Let's see the wets try to laugh that one off!

HATS: Our hat is off to the Cadillac (Michigan) *Evening News*, which some time back ran this: "Liquor interests for some time have approached the *Evening News* with the request that they be permitted to buy considerable advertising space . . . For over thirty years we have refused to accept one cent's worth of liquor, beer or wine money . . . In Ypsilanti, Coldwater and Cadillac, thousands of dollars of such money has been offered us. In publishing a family newspaper, we feel our obligation to the youth of the community. We will not personally suggest that a boy or girl take a drink, and neither will we through our advertising or news columns urge them to drink any liquor or have any part in encouraging the establishment of public bars or saloons on Cadillac's main street, where their influence could be felt on our youth." Other newspapers, please copy—if you have the courage!

Our hat is *not* off to the Milwaukee store-keeper who in May advertised "Mother's Day special: Straight Bourbon whiskey at the bargain price of \$3.98 a fifth."

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Editorially Speaking...

● DID JESUS WEEP AGAIN?

DO YOU remember when Robert St. John read the memorial address over a national network that had been delivered on Iwo Jima? I shall never forget that broadcast. I sent for the script. Among the luminous words are these:

"Here before us lie the bodies of comrades and friends. . . . Under one of these Christian crosses, or beneath the Jewish star of David, there may rest now a man who was destined to be a great prophet, to find the way for all to live in plenty with poverty and hardship for none. . . . Now they lie silently in sacred soil and we gather to consecrate this earth to their memory."

Those words and others like them were spoken by a Jew, a rabbi: Chaplain Gittelsohn. He had been selected by Division Chaplain Warren F. Cuthriell for the occasion. Chaplain Cuthriell thought it peculiarly appropriate that the spiritual leader of the smallest religious group should, "in the grandeur of the American way, speak of all these dead." Then came disillusionment.

Two Protestant chaplains visited their senior associate and voiced vigorous objection to a Jewish chaplain speaking over graves predominantly Christian. Chaplain Cuthriell is said to have replied that to make possible such an occasion was one of the things for which those boys fought and died. However, it was not to be. Then six Catholic chaplains sent their representative who stated that they were opposed to any

joint service of memorial and in particular to a sermon preached by the Jewish chaplain. Finally they refused to participate or attend if the rabbi spoke.

And so, American and Christian unity failed that day. Chaplain Gittelsohn withdrew, for he would not allow his senior to be embarrassed. Following a brief secular dedication of the Iwo Jima graveyard, the chaplains of the three faiths went each to his own place and spoke to God separately. One who was there said, "It was like brotherhood itself being dead among the dead children." But the words of Rabbi Gittelsohn found their wider hearing. Read them again, oh, Christian brother:

"Here lie officers and men, Negroes and white, rich and poor together. Here are Protestants, Catholics and Jews together. Here no man prefers another because of his faith or despises him because of his color. Among these men there is no discrimination, no prejudice, no hatred. Theirs is the highest and purest democracy. Any man who fails to understand that will thereby betray those who here lie dead." The speaker who had prepared his message for all didn't need to change a word.

There was once another Jewish leader who spoke and wept before the tomb of a friend. His name was Jesus. I wonder whether he wept that day among the graves of Iwo Jima?

Long afterward, Chaplain Gittelsohn said that as he spoke at his lonely post, he was aware of his "kinship" with Jesus. They had something together.

● ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN

IN 1946 Americans spent the unprecedented sum of \$8,700,000,000 on whiskey, beer and wine—an average of \$89 for each person over 18 years of age. We crossed the finish line \$920,000,000 ahead of the previous record which was set in 1945. Of this total, more than \$5,000,000,000 went for whiskey, gin and other distilled spirits, "only" \$3,065,000,000 was invested with the breweries! In "liquid terms," 231,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits and 140,000,000 gallons of wine helped raise the liquor tide to flood proportions.

Dr. E. M. Jellinek of Yale University estimates the number of alcohol consumers in 1945 at 58,250,000, an increase of 15,350,000 since 1940. Dr. Jellinek points out: "The increase in drinking was mainly an increase in the proportion of users of alcoholic beverages. . . . There was only a slight tendency, if any, toward an increase in individual consumption." But there is no comfort in those figures however you read them. Dr. Jellinek also estimates the number of chronic alcoholics to be 750,000. Here the rate of increase steadily grows.

The following are the first ten states in *per capita* consumption of alcoholic beverages: Nevada, California, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Illinois. The following are the low ten: North Carolina, Alabama, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Georgia, Vermont,

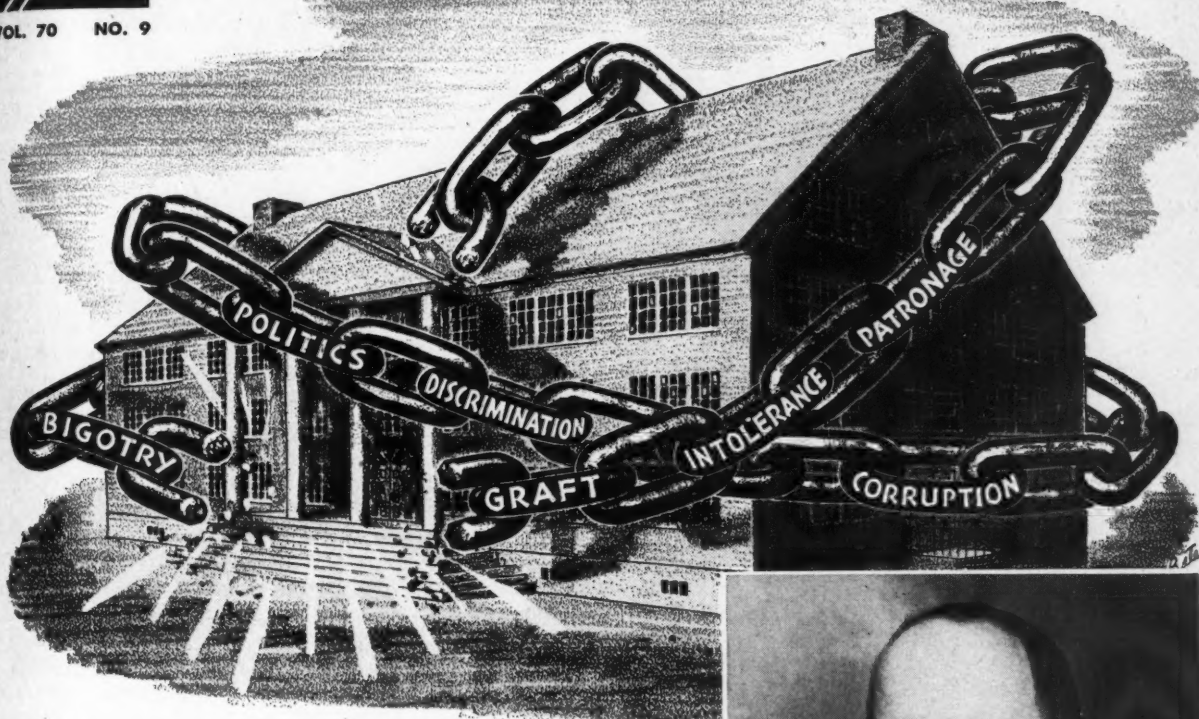
Iowa, South Dakota and New Mexico. If you look into the local option situation, you will find that the last named states have great dry areas.

At the recent convention of railroad superintendents held in Chicago, a convention committee recommended the elimination of all liquor sales on passenger trains. The committee stated that railroad men are having increasing difficulty with such sales. It called attention to the fact that drinking passengers become "deeply objectionable to other passengers."

During the past winter a New England trainman who was assaulted by a drunken passenger, whom he tried to quiet, died in the line of duty. The passenger came from an honored family, but drink had made him an obnoxious, disreputable member of society.

We were promised that repeal of Prohibition would not bring back the American saloon—well, it hasn't. But what it has brought, in all areas of our public life and to all groups and age levels of our society, is *immeasurably worse!* Here joins the battle.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



SHACKLES OFF

CHICAGO'S SCHOOLS



BACHRACH, INT. NEWS

DR. HEROLD CHRISTIAN HUNT

They did it in the Windy City! They chased the politicians and ward-heelers out of the school system and brought in competent, qualified educators to manage this sacred trust.

BY FRANK S. MEAD

ASK the average American to name the members serving on his local Board of Education, and watch him fumble. He just doesn't know. He's very foolish for not making it his business to know, for this Board of Education can and often does have as much influence on his children as he does himself.

Charged as it is with the education of youth, this board moulds one generation after another. It creates character. It makes of democracy either an ideal, a joke or a racket. It damns or blesses society with a ceaseless flood of good, intelligent citizens or public enemies. But—the average John Q. Public doesn't pay much attention to it, even when he realizes, all that, even when he lives close to the problem.

Sometimes he lets the board and the education of his children get away from him entirely; too busy with things that matter half as much, he pays the bills for community education while it slips from the hands of benefactors into the hands of political bandits. That, believe it or not, happens in our best towns and cities.

It happened in Chicago.

In the second largest city in America, two fifth-rate politicians got control of the Board of Education, and, in one of the most unbelievable coups in the history of American education, ran off with an enterprise that was costing the taxpayers of the Windy City eighty million dollars a year. With an audacity that would have made Al Capone blush for shame,

they kidnaped a large, going school system that involved some 400 schools, 13,000 school teachers and some 240,000 school children and held them hostage for fourteen years. They turned the schools into a racket, nearly demoralized the whole system, crushed any teacher who dared object, and figuratively told any mere citizen who didn't happen to like it to go jump in Lake Michigan.

WHAT happened eventually was that the citizens got so mad that they (figuratively) threw the two politicians into the lake. But it took a long, long time.

The two kidnapers were James B. McCahey, President of the Board of Education, and William H. Johnson, Superintendent of Schools. Both of them grew up in Chicago. Johnson was educated in the city's elementary and high schools; by 1935 he had risen to the estate of an elementary school principal, and he knew a politician when he saw one. McCahey, being Irish and Catholic, was a product of the parochial schools. As the seasons rolled, he acquired a coal business, a wife who owned a brewery, a healthy bank account and a friend named Kelly. Edward J. Kelly, boss of the worst political machine in the history of Chicago. Kelly and McCahey became firm friends; they sat in adjoining pews in the same church, and they worked together on the Chicago Drainage Canal. When Kelly ran for mayor and won, folks around town said that Jim McCahey was top contributor to the war fund. The mayor took care of Jim; he put him on the Board of Education. By 1933, McCahey was president of the board.

Chicago's schools, in 1933, were still staggering from the effects of the depression; McCahey found it necessary to obtain certain emergency powers; he was still wielding them twelve years after the crisis was over. To help him, he had the most compliant rubber-stamp Board of Education any politician could hope for. Like Frank Hague, McCahey was the law; when he spoke, it was all over. McCahey told the board in April 1936 he would like to have one William H. Johnson "elected" Superintendent of Schools, and the board thought so, too. When the call came, Johnson had had a superintendency training of just nine months, as Assistant Superintendent in charge of high schools. He didn't ponder very long; he is reliably reported to have remarked: "I'm no fool. I'm willing to go along for what the job pays. I get \$15,000 a year, and that's more than any college professor gets." Whether he said it or not, he certainly went along.

Johnson got his gears meshed quickly; he made it painfully plain that he would

promote those teachers in the system who helped him build his machine, and that he would punish anyone who didn't. From the day he took office, the teachers knew that they were expected to work hard and keep their mouths shut, or else.

Quickly, he got a strangle hold on the Board of Examiners. This little group of three—the Superintendent and two other board members—was the bottle-neck through which every teacher in the system had to pass. In 1937, there was an examination for those who

* * * * *

Common Ground

**O God, today, Thy people gather
To stress, each sect, its sign!
We ought to accent rather
The oneness that is Thine!**

**The world is torn apart and dying!
How can it be made whole?
By each denomination trying
To save its own poor soul?**

**We meet in weak, competing churches,
Divided by our creeds,
When, for a common ground, man
searches,
And unity he needs!**

**This tragic evil must be righted!
In Christians, man should see
How minds diverse may be united
And yet be truly free!**

**O God, today, give grace and vision,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son,
To show us how to end division,
And make Thy people one!**

—Ralph S. Thorn

♦ * * * *

wished to obtain principalships; it was an examination divided into two parts, written and oral. To pass, the candidate had to get a grade of 80; flunking in either written or oral departments, he was out. Johnson rigged that one beautifully.

Affidavits are on file (one by an Examiner) swearing that the superintendent let his two companions know well in advance just who he wanted passed. The candidates lacking power only wasted their time in taking the examination. If Johnson couldn't attend a meeting himself, he left word as to which of the candidates he was "interested in"; he even forced the others to reverse certain decisions, when they got the names mixed up and passed the wrong man.

Of those who passed, 81 percent would have failed if it hadn't been for the amazingly high grades they got

on the oral "personal interview" test conducted in private before Johnson and his two rubber-stamp helpers. Out of the fifty-four who passed the written section of the examination, twenty-five failed the oral interview and hence received no certification.

There was another strange thing about this examination. Johnson, in the days when he was a candidate for the superintendency, had taught a number of university classes, including some teachers who wanted to be principals; he also had organized a few lucrative private-tutoring groups to help prepare candidates for the principal's exam. Dr. Johnson's former students didn't have much trouble; twelve of the fifteen named in the first assignments to principals jobs had been in his classes.

Mr. Raymond Cook didn't make out so well. Johnson had him spotted; before he entered the room for his oral test, according to the report of one of the examiners, Johnson said to them, "This man is out; he's disloyal." Cook got a grade of 91.25 in his written exam; his oral exam lasted just four minutes and consisted of just three questions, and then they told him he wouldn't do. Cook took his case to the courts—which was bad. Very bad. For that, he was transferred to a high school, and then transferred again—to teach the third grade at the Fuller Elementary School. He had to go to work at Stewart-Warner, nights, to make ends meet.

Butler Laughlin, president of the Chicago Teachers College, got in trouble with McCahey; McCahey actually demanded that a student at "Teachers" who had flunked in chemistry be given a passing grade. McCahey knew all that went on at Teachers College; he had a sister installed as a secretary there. (No less than three of McCahey's sisters, and several other relatives, found jobs under the board!) Laughlin refused—and when he defended other teachers who spoke out against McCahey-Johnson dictatorship, he was first kicked downstairs to the principal's job at Lindblom High School, (enrollment, 7,000) and then further downstairs to Harper High (enrollment, 1,400). Harry Yates took over Lindblom High School and Yates happened to be one of those certified in the questionable exam of 1937. He also happened to be related to Mrs. James B. McCahey. The students went out on strike against all this, at Lindblom; ROTC students were stationed at the doors to prevent the strikers from coming back!

JOHAN J. DeBoer tangled with the machine—and found himself transferred to a lesser job at Herzl Junior College. Principal Thomas J. Crofts got up one morning to discover that the School Board had turned his Manley School
(Continued on page 68)



By HARRY EDWARD NEAL

WHEN Mary Hart married and resigned as secretary to John Lathrop, Edith Ellstrom was called in from the Sales Division as a temporary substitute. She knew it couldn't last, but at the beginning of her second week she was happier than she had been in the two years since she began work for the Lathrop Plate Glass Company. Mr. Lathrop was a little abrupt, but he knew the business, his dictation was fast and interesting, and it wasn't every twenty-year-old stenographer who became a secretary with a private office, even for a short while.

Edith worked hard to make a favorable impression, but she knew Mr. Lathrop was still advertising for an older, more experienced girl. She hoped no applicants would be accepted for another week at least.

She finished dusting her desk, lifted the cover from her typewriter and

turned the page on the big desk calendar. Under the date "August 29" there were some notes Miss Hart had scribbled before she left. "Conf with Montgomery 10 A.M.," "Lunch with Stoddard," "Birthday—Mrs. L." Edith was copying the notations on a memo pad when Mr. Lathrop strode in, mumbled "Morning," and went directly into his own office, closing the door after him.

Edith tore the sheet from her pad, stood up and walked to the door. She felt a little weak, as she always did when she had to speak to Mr. Lathrop, but she was more confident than she had been a week ago when she started on the new job. She knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Mr. Lathrop called. When

she stepped over the threshold he said: "You don't have to knock on the door. If you want me, just come in—unless I'm in conference or something." He sounded impatient, but he was smiling.

"Yes, Mr. Lathrop." She approached the big polished desk and handed him the memorandum.

"Hmmm," he said. "I'd forgotten about Jim Stoddard. Afraid I'll have to call off the lunch. Call him, will you? Tell him we'll make it next week."

"Yes, sir. Mr. James Stoddard, is it?"

He looked up quickly. "Yes. Why?"

"Oh—oh, I just wanted to be sure so I can find him in the phone book."

He pursed his lips and said, "He's General Manager at Acme. The Acme Company, Fourteenth Street."

"Thank you," Edith answered. As she turned to go he said: "Birthday. Today must be my wife's birthday. Get

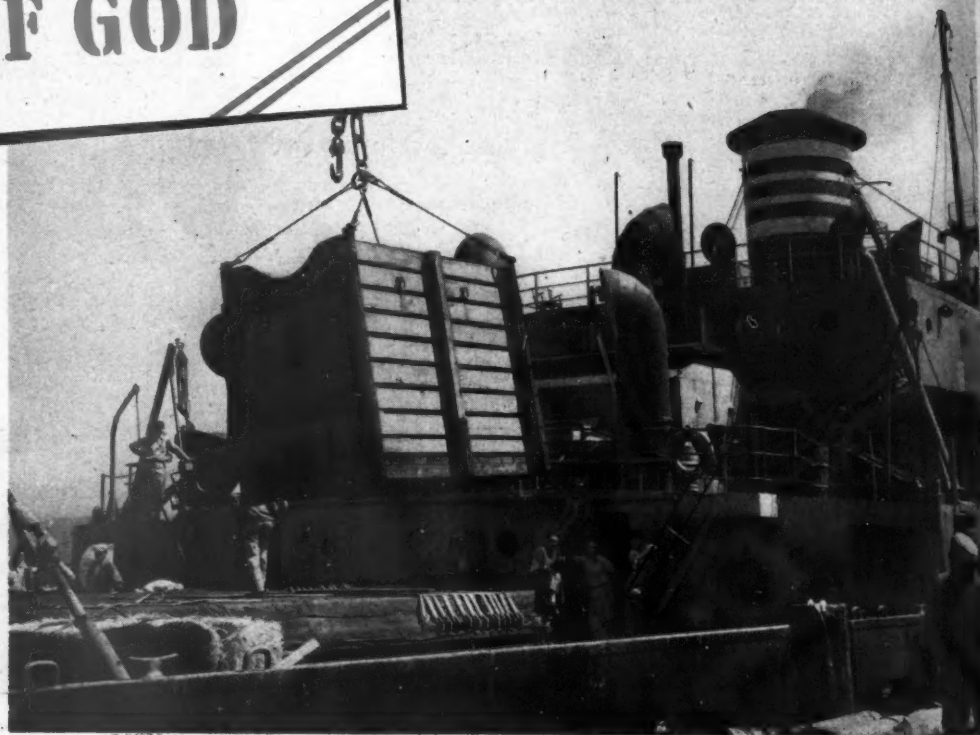
(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATOR

MALCOLM THOMPSON

The CATTLE BOATS OF GOD

A crateload of pure-bred heifers swings aboard a steamer at Newport News, Va., bound for Belgium—part of the international good-will project begun by the Brethren Church



Brethren who practice their brotherhood are behind those ships of Christian mercy which are plunging across the Atlantic with heifers and hope for Europe's starving

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

YOU know the ordinary church collection—bills dropping into baskets, coins jingling on plates—but have you heard of the latest? It's an "ecclesiastical collection" of thoroughbred young cows.

Also, you are doubtless familiar with the fact that some "parsons" are sky pilots and circuit-riders—but have you known of pastors becoming "sea-going cowboys"? Already many clergymen, along with scores of school teachers, farmers, photographers, business men and mechanics, are "riding herd" as cow-punchers on charity cattle-boats.

This is not a verbal jigsaw puzzle, put forth as a teaser, but a statement of fact. Here's the how of it:

Hundreds of choice young Guernsey, Jersey, Brown Swiss and Holstein heifers are being shipped monthly from

various Atlantic and Pacific seaports as good-will gifts from Americans to starving mothers and their infants of war-devastated countries. Already 4,500 of the choicest animals from our farms have been sent to Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Italy, Germany, Poland, China, Ethiopia, Puerto Rico and Japan.

The first large batch of these purebreds—150 as fine potential milkers as you will find anywhere in the world—went overseas from Baltimore to provide new life and health for the stricken children of Poland. A few days later, 125 donated cattle were shipped from Newport News, Virginia, to Belgium, with 225 more going to the same ravaged country the following week. Steadily the flow of baby "life savers" has been maintained, with hundreds

more donated and awaiting shipment, or being readied on the farms for delivery at the intake depots set up for that purpose.

As splendid as the gifts are, they are just a forerunner of the shipments of thousands more of the finest "charity cows" ever assembled for the relief of the hungry and the dying. Just as fast as shipping space can be arranged for them, other boatloads of the heifers will plow across the Atlantic and Pacific to stricken countries, each accompanied by a crew of volunteer "cow punchers" who pray as they pitch hay, and who will not only instruct the recipients in the care of these thoroughbred American cattle but will also carry to them the message of American friendship.

It is estimated that each cow will provide sufficient nourishment for at least

ten babies. Thus actual provision has been made to rescue 45,000 infants from malnutrition or starvation. As the calves mature they will be given to other families, providing not only milk for needy children but also helping as quickly as possible to build up the impoverished herds of Europe and the Orient.

Originators of this newest venture in world-wide neighborliness are members of the Church of the Brethren, a religious group small in numbers (about 180,000 in all) but mighty in good works. Known to the older generation as the Dunkers or Dunkards, they have always looked upon charity as about religion's first job. So when Dan West, a Brethren relief-worker in Europe, had the brilliant idea of taking up a new kind of church "collection"—thousands of high-class, healthy young cows, capable of giving an abundance of milk for the starving—his fellow churchmen not only greeted it with enthusiasm but set to work at once.

The project was called "Heifers for Relief" and was given the right-of-way over everything. Local committees to solicit gifts of choice calves were set up in communities ranging from Canada to Florida, and from Pennsylvania to Connecticut. Nappanee, Indiana, in the heart of a big Brethren settlement, was named the headquarters of the drive, with an experienced dairyman, John D. Metzler, in charge. Roger Roop donated his Maryland farm as a "round-up ranch," and it is to this point that

the calves are sent for final shipment. The hundreds of fine animals there look like entries in the International Live Stock Exposition.

From the Church of the Brethren general headquarters and publishing house in Elgin, Illinois, went out a barrage of high-class illustrated advertising material to boost the campaign. Pictures of gaunt, starved infants, who looked like miniature skeletons, were put in juxtaposition to those of fat, sleek and contented-looking Jersey cows. The effect was not only startling, it was terrifically impressive. Strikingly illustrated primers, with the same purpose in mind, were prepared to appeal to Sunday-school children.

THE suggestion took fire immediately. Within a few weeks, pledges of the choicest heifers of the year were pouring in from hundreds of widely scattered Brethren farms. Largely rural, the denomination early determined to set a pace to stir into action a large part of the 65,000,000 to 70,000,000 church

members in the United States. Putting old-fashioned neighborly charity to work on a worldwide basis, the Brethren feel that not only will their project eventually save millions of innocent lives, but it will also be a moral shot-in-the-arm for people who have lost their self-reliance, and will greatly advance the cause of international good-will.

One country church in Indiana gave 10 thoroughbred Guernsey heifers, any one of which was worth \$150. A 4-H Club boy in Maryland pledged his prize-winning calf to the cause. A midwest congregation donated three yearlings, tagging them with the names of Faith, Hope and Charity. Ministerial students at Bethany Biblical Seminary in Chicago voluntarily went without one meal a day until they had saved enough to buy a heifer. One congregation auctioned off older cows and used the money to buy younger stock, thus providing 20 heifers for the needy.

The drive soon spread beyond the borders of the Brethren denomination. Fifteen grade schools of Decatur, Illi-

Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, Pa. donated the heifer Rector John R. Hart is feeding

This lady wasted no time in milking the Holstein cow for the three tots waiting with tin cups ready



nois, put on a money-raising campaign for heifers, one room contributing \$110 to buy a pure-bred animal. A conscientious objector, working as a scrubber in a mental hospital at \$15 a month, saved enough to buy one. He approached the owner of a fine herd to purchase a calf for \$100—the man finally let him have it for \$50, and then donated another one on his own hook. A minister of another affiliation addressed a camp meeting of his fellow-believers about the Heifer Project, securing \$1760 in cash and eight heifers in the “collection.” An Episcopalian rector in Seattle gave a sermon on it and asked for donations. Three of his parishioners handed him checks totalling \$1,000 and said, “We do not propose stopping until this church has given 12 young cows for relief of stricken Europe.”

Heifers are bred to the best-grade bulls several months ahead of time so as to “freshen” (have their calves and start giving milk) shortly after arrival abroad. Before being shipped to the “round-up” farm in Maryland, the animals are given rigid inspections by government veterinarians.

The Brethren supply each cattleboat with volunteer “sea-going cowboys,” who contribute 60 days of their time to the Heifer Project. One shipment of cows for Poland was in charge of the Rev. Lawrence W. Shultz, a former college professor of North Manchester, Indiana, while the Rev. Clarence Sink of Flora, Indiana, took leave from his congregation to tend cattle bound for Belgium. The first load was in charge of six volunteers, including a farm-bred preacher, a school teacher, and four farmers whose wives agreed to carry on the work in the fields and barns during their absence.

Each “cowboy crew” observes a strenuous schedule while at sea. The heifer calves must be carefully fed and watered and exercised, stalls kept clean, inspections regularly held, and reports made out. Each man cares for 25 head, which means muscle strain as well as headwork. Then there is the three-way activity program for the “cow punchers”—including daily setting-up exercises, devotions, and study of the language of the country for which their shipment is bound. The “cow punchers” then stay long enough with the families to which the cows are given to establish friendship ties, out of which it is planned to develop extensive letter-writing contacts between thousands of citizens of the Old World and the New.

DISTRIBUTION is made where the need is most desperate, without regard to creed, nationality or color. Transport and placement of the cattle are subject to all government regulations, national and international, and close collaboration was had from the beginning with UNRRA, the Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations, the U. S.

Department of Agriculture, and other official agencies. Organizations such as the National Lutheran Council, the Mennonite Central Committee, Evangelical and Reformed Churches, and others took an active interest in the enterprise.

Before V-E Day made it possible to plan shipments to Europe, a relief herd was sent to Puerto Rico, where half the children get no milk at all. Others had been sent to needy people in Mexico and to backward mountain areas of our own country. Preceding the shipment of any heifers abroad was the dispatch of six pure-bred bulls to help restore the depleted herds of Greece. Artificial insemination was being used, whereby, some authorities declare, at least fifty times as many cows can be bred as by natural means, and very possibly 200 times as many. The latter would mean that the six bulls could father 60,000 calves a year!

Reports are coming in from all over Europe regarding the saving of children's lives by means of the Brethren's



Now Gretchen can change her wooden shoes for more comfortable leather

cattle-giving program. The death rate for children in the city of Tourcoing in northern France, where the Brethren gave 25 Holstein heifers two years ago, has been reduced from 12½ per cent to 6 per cent—and the city now has the lowest infant death rate of any part of the country. Steady improvement is being registered by thousands of children in Poland who are being fed on the rich milk from American cows—and this in face of the fact that 70 per cent of Poland's children are afflicted with tuberculosis. Several hundred Church of the Brethren cows were dispatched to Czechoslovakia, where conditions were deplorable, and improvement in child health in areas served is already noted. The battle is chiefly against tuberculosis, such as in Praha, where 25 per cent of

the small children are afflicted and 50 per cent more are on the danger line.

Recently a message reached the children of the Church of the Brethren in Decatur, Illinois, saying that the cow they donated—officially titled “Golden Blonde Pedro Beauty, No. 2760”—is living up to her job in a magnificent way. She is supplying milk to several tuberculosis-infected infants—she gives more than five gallons a day—and has contributed a fine calf toward the up-building of a new herd for the community.

MEANTIME, as choice livestock streams abroad to aid the hungry children and to rebuild the depleted herds principally in Europe (a herd, with proper care doubles itself in four years) the Brethren are busy with many other good-will projects. A chain of clothing depots has been established across this country where Sunday collections of garments are taken for rehabilitation and shipment overseas. Thousands of layettes have been made and given to mothers in needy lands. Women's societies hold old-fashioned quilting bees, preparing bedding for ravaged homes in Belgium and Holland. Shoe-repair shops have been set up in Michigan and Maryland, where cast-off footwear is cobbled for barefoot refugees.

High-school girls in a number of congregations enlisted in a soap-making campaign, the recipes being furnished by national headquarters, and have turned out large quantities of home-made cleanser for use by the overseas needy. A men's Bible class in Iowa chipped in \$2,000 to pay for a carload of cereal to be shipped to Europe's hungry people. A Maryland member, inspired by this example, paid for a carload of flour, while a Kansas group donated a carload of wheat for the Brethren relief project. A rural church of 175 members in Illinois raised \$2,400 to pay for sixty tons of cornmeal for war victims. The Brethren have a canning factory at New Paris, Indiana, where they can donate vegetables and fruits and ship them abroad for the poor.

A unique project is the “seeds for good will.” Garden seeds, bought at wholesale or donated, are sent to scores of congregations, whose members hold a party and put them up in tiny packets for Europe's suffering people to make their own gardens. They also write messages of good will to the recipients, enclosing their own names and addresses and suggesting that friendship correspondence be struck up between them.

The Brethren see in the present misery, unrest and despair of countless millions of people, in both the conquered and conquering lands, the opportunity of a thousand years to leaven the lump of hate by the simple means of extending the cup of cold water in the Master's name.

By DONALD CONKLIN



Foster Parenthood is Fun

I CAN still see the eyes of those orphan kids popping as they stole down the stairs that Christmas morning and spied the tree. They had never gathered around a Christmas tree with their own family, and this was as it might have been. To Mom and me who expected to be lonely away from our families, the day was packed with thrills. The joy of the children infected us.

We began bringing other children from the orphanage to live on week-

ends and special occasions, playing parents to them. Having a full house came to be the accepted thing, and it has been a revealing experience.

On occasion, we've had as many youngsters around our modest home as the old lady in the shoe. We have taken on children to raise and have played host to waifs, derelicts, stray dogs and cats. What it adds up to is: *we like it.*

There's never a dull moment. Last summer, for the first time in years, the youngsters were all away at one time, and Mom and I found ourselves alone. All that day after they had gone, she kept saying, "Why, it seems like a morgue around here!" And so it did.

This habit of gathering children beneath our wings began shortly after we were married. I came home from work one day to find a new baby installed,

with crib and all the accessories. Mom explained. A neighbor, it seems, had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation, leaving a six-weeks-old infant. The flustered husband didn't know what to do with the young lady, so Mom had offered to take charge.

It was a lot of fun. The trouble was that, after five weeks, we had grown so fond of the youngster that we hated to give her up. By this time the real mother had recovered and wanted her baby back. Each time she brought up the subject, Mom put her off, telling her to "Wait, my dear, until you get stronger." This went on until there just wasn't any sense in keeping up the pretense.

After the young guest left, the place did seem lonely. Fortunately, one of our own announced herself shortly aft-

erwards. But that first baby was only the beginning of our experience in playing parents to youngsters not our own.

We felt especially proud of Joe. He appeared at our front door one winter morning during the depression. Barely a child, dirty and disheveled, asking for work, saying he had slept on a bench and hadn't eaten in three days. After feeding him, Mom gave him some work and money. Cleaned up and rigged out in one of my old suits, he looked like a different person. Mom told him he could sleep in a cot in our basement if he had no other place, since it was better than a bench.

Joe turned up regularly thereafter to

what they might do. Whether we are just plain lucky, I do not know, but we have never had any unfortunate experiences, never had anything stolen. With the exception, that is, of Mom's engagement ring.

Hazel, a girl of 16 from the orphanage, had been out one Sunday, and when she left Mom discovered her diamond ring gone. Since Hazel had been the only outsider in the house, the inescapable conclusion was that she had taken the ring. We immediately called the Home and talked to the superintendent, who assured us that Hazel could not possibly have taken it. Her record had been exemplary. She was one of their nicest girls and would

About this time we acquired Dot, a seven-year-old freckled-faced little Irish girl. Our own Jane was lonely the first summer we spent in the country, and Mom got the idea of borrowing a playmate from the Children's Home. Next summer Dot came along with us bag and baggage and we all had loads of fun.

THE first thing we impressed on Jane was the necessity for equal rights. Dot was to enjoy the same privileges as Jane, just as though she were our own child. Jane readily agreed, although she did not realize all the implications.

She was jealous of Dot at first. Starved for affection, Dot lavished it on us and Jane accused us of loving her more. But Dot's craving for affection soon subsided to normal proportions and Jane forgot her jealousy. In matters of discipline, one plan worked particularly well. After a set-to when each ran to Mom blaming the other, they were sent to separate rooms upstairs until willing to make up. They soon learned to get along.

Dot wrought sundry changes in Jane, conditioning her to a more patient, tolerant and unselfish life. Jane, who had never made a bed before, watched Dot do it from the sidelines, and soon lent a hand. Dot was also given to putting things in their places, and Jane began following suit. But getting our child to eat what she should was one of the best results. Dot had her aversions, such as spinach, but she ate it gamely. Jane was not to be outdone.

One incident led us to believe that Jane was really accepting the household's bill of rights. Dot got a number of presents on her birthday, among them a doll from us. Jane resented this doll and contended she should have one too. A few days later, during a heated altercation, Dot picked up one of Jane's dolls and threatened to throw it. In the scramble the arms parted company from the body—a real tragedy. Seeing Jane was heartbroke, Dot finally said: "Don't cry, Jane, I'll give you my new dolly."

Recognizing the magnanimity of this gesture, Jane put her arm around her friend and said, "No, Dot, I couldn't take your dolly."

That fall we trekked back to the city and returned Dot to the Home. But we missed her and began getting her and some of her friends for week-ends. As I called at the home to pick up a bevy of them Friday nights, they'd greet me with, "Hello, Pop!"—which might prove embarrassing if one did not know the circumstances. The keen joy of these youngsters in going home with me was a tonic. At such times as Thanksgiving, I hated to have to leave some of them behind. They had no place to go.

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A TEACHER'S PRAYER

TODAY, dear God, I need Thy love and grace,
Thy steady hand to guide me as I face
The eager, upturned, questing eyes of youth
That look to me for knowledge and for truth.

HELP ME to know that in each untried heart
Abides a spark of Thee from which may start
A glowing flame of zeal, an urge to be
Thy healing servant to humanity.

TEACH ME to shape with gentle, loving care
Their plastic minds, and let me humbly share
The task of keeping ever strong and bright
Their faith and hope, their spirits' shining light.

—GERTRUDE A. CLEMMONS

wash windows and keep the place tidy, picking up similar work around the neighborhood. He rarely slept in our place save as a last resort, which meant he didn't have the price of a flop-house.

Then we missed Joe and could find no trace of him. Finally a long letter arrived. He was in jail as a result of a fight; could we send him some small comforts; he'd pay us back when he got out. We sent him several gifts, and he did pay it back later.

CAME a long absence, and we thought Joe had drifted back to his old haunts. But he turned up eventually, looking like the answer to a maiden's prayer with a brand-new suit and ready-made smile. He had a steady job and blushingly confessed he was going to get married. We hear from him every now and then.

Mom's friends have repeatedly warned her about taking such non-descripts as Joe into the house—no telling

never dream of doing such a thing. Called to the phone, Hazel was heartbroken that we should suspect her of it. The superintendent too felt we were doing the girl an injustice.

Next morning we drove to the Home. "I know Hazel has that ring," said Mom, "and I mean to get it—not only because of what it means to me but because of what it will mean to Hazel to make what would be her first misstep. She must not be allowed to get away with it."

At the Home, Mom got Hazel alone and told her she understood why she was tempted. She had never had a ring, had she? Taking it didn't mean she was a bad girl. But *keeping* it would. Sympathy and understanding were too much for Hazel, and she tearfully confessed. From where I sat I could see them all having a good cry and knew that Mom had found her ring. Hazel is now married and is another of our alumni.



Little Church on Quaker Hill

BY LOWELL THOMAS

THE caddies won't go to the Quaker Hill golf course on Sunday morning. Very few people play golf at that time because practically everyone goes to church! That is one of the reasons why Christ Church on Quaker Hill, Pawling, New York, is unique. It has a thriving congregation during the summer when most churches are unable to compete with the desire of most people for recreation.

We go to church on Quaker Hill because it is recreation in the highest meaning of the term. We have a good time, and feel better because of our attendance. It is a pleasant and a profitable experience.

There is a grandeur of simplicity about this little white church situated on the crest of a hill so that its tall spire may be seen for many miles down "Route 22" of Harlem Valley. When one sits in his pew on a Sunday morning, he may look through the clear glass

of the colonial windows to the valley nestled below him, the hills and trees around him, and the sky above him. This touch of beauty does not in any way detract from the Word of God which is expounded from the pulpit, but seems to make it more meaningful.

Quaker Hill is an interesting community called "The Oblong" because it is nine miles long, seven miles wide, and was a source of debate for a century in settling the line between Connecticut and New York State. Since its hills rise over a thousand feet—the main hill being 1,310 feet, the highest point between Long Island Sound and the Hudson River—we may, on a clear day, look into five surrounding states from our observation tower. Quaker Lake, with its crystal-clear water, is an ideal spot for swimming, boating and fishing.

Our community has a long religious history, having been settled by Friends between 1728 and 1731. "The Old

Meeting House" still stands as an historic shrine where Friends gather once a year for an annual meeting. The building was used as a hospital for soldiers during the Revolutionary War, and in front of it stands a marker stating that the first movement for the abolition of slavery in the United States emanated from that Meeting House.

ALTHOUGH the Hall in which Christ Church worships is not in any way connected with "The Old Meeting House," it is in a certain sense its spiritual child. We worship in a building known as Akin Hall, which was given to our community by Albert Akin, a descendant of the Quaker faith. He had a vision that Christians might eventually unite, and specified in his will, made public at his death in his ninety-ninth year, that Akin Hall could be used for religious services but no denominational

(Continued on page 49)

First Dress

By ELMA CLARK CHARLTON



He started to pull himself into the wagon, and Martha said softly, "Goodbye, Matt."

MARTHA stirred the beans slowly boiling on the wood range. She wiped the perspiration from her face with the faded blue apron tied about her waist.

"I'll have to talk to Matt when he comes," she said half aloud, glancing at the clock. It would be time to gather the eggs and put out feed for the pigs.

Matt had told her, now that the baby would be coming so soon, to leave the feeding of the pigs to him. But Martha liked being outside, she liked doing things about the place.

Inwardly she sighed when she thought of the baby's coming. Martha had never dreamed that when her baby came his only dress would be made from a flour sack. She had thoughts of dainty batiste, or fine pin-tucked lawn, soft and snowy-white. But in three weeks from now he would be making his appearance . . .

Each time she had mentioned it to Matt he said that he must get the feed cut and shocked before the fall rains came. Martha had decided it did not matter so much to Matt whether their first baby had anything to wear or not.

She told herself over and over that she must make the best of the situation. Her mother had warned her, when they left East Texas to come to this new raw country, that she must expect hardships of which she had never dreamed. Not to have a pretty dress for her baby, Martha considered a hardship. It took courage to live in Oklahoma where few people had houses on top of the ground; but Martha had courage—she knew she did. This was the first time she had had a disappointment so keen she felt she could not endure it.

Matt's footsteps sounded at the door, and Martha turned. "You're home early," she said.

"We finished the cutting, except in the west field," Matt said, taking a drink from the cedar bucket on the small table.

"Oh, you've finished—almost!" There was excitement in Martha's voice.

"We'll finish tomorrow, but the shocking's yet to be done. A fellow rode by today from Canada; said they've been having rains west of there. We may be getting some soon."

"It hasn't rained in weeks. Why do you think it'll start now?"

"It often rains a lot in the fall after a dry summer," Matt said.

"You don't think you'll get to make a trip to Vernon before—before the baby comes?" Martha's mouth quivered with anxiety.

"I can't leave Sam to do the shocking by himself," Matt hesitated. "It takes twice as long for one man to do it. We're going to need that feed this winter for the cattle. The grass is mighty short."

Martha knew what she was going to

CHRISTIAN HERALD



"Red River was on a rampage. I had to swim the horses, and I lost everything."

say, and she knew that it was going to hurt Matt. She knew that she did not actually believe it herself—but she had to say it.

"The cattle are the only important things around here. It doesn't matter whether our baby has a decent thing to wear or not, so long as the cattle fare all right!"

Matt's blue eyes looked straight into Martha's darker ones. His broad shoulders, towering above hers, slumped slightly and his lips were set in a thin drawn line.

He was thoughtful for a moment. "We'll finish the cutting tomorrow," he said. "The next day will be Friday and I'll help Sam shock, then I'll leave Saturday for Vernon."

Martha looked at the clock again and took the bucket from the shelf. She wanted to get outside quickly. She couldn't trust herself to speak.

SATURDAY, Matt left for Vernon. Day was breaking in the eastern sky as he and Martha walked to the wagon together. He put his foot on the wheel and started to pull himself into the wagon, without saying goodbye to Martha. She put her arm about his shoulder and said softly, "Goodbye, Matt."

He brushed his lips to her cheek, and, without uttering a word, was on the wagon seat and slapping the team

with the reins. Martha turned toward the house, tears dimming her eyes. Five days would pass if everything went well before Martha would see him again. Five days of gnawing loneliness. He would reach Vernon Sunday night; Monday he would get his supplies and let the team rest. Then Tuesday and Wednesday he would drive home.

Sam Horton, the hired man and their only help, stayed in the three-room unpainted house with Matt and Martha Langdon. Dependable and trustworthy, Matt knew Sam would be on hand if Martha should need anything while he was gone. He knew, too, that Sam would see to getting Mrs. Bertham, the mid-wife and unlicensed doctor, if necessary.

Long after Sam had gone to bed Saturday night, Martha sat by the light of the kerosene lamp and planned how she would make the two little dresses from the material which Matt would bring. One would have a tiny yoke with sprays of white embroidery. The other would be gathered at the neck and pin-tucked all the way down the front. She could almost feel their softness as she sat and planned. Yet the happiness which she had thought she would feel over the prospect of the

dresses did not come, for some reason she could not fathom.

Before going to bed Martha went into the yard. She loved looking at the stars and feeling their closeness when she was alone. She saw a low-lying cloud in the west and a flash of lightning in the far distance. "It's too far away to ever get here," she consoled herself.

ON SUNDAY night there was a sultriness in the air, and when Martha went into the yard she saw that in the west again was another cloud, darker-looking than the night before. Apprehension clutched at her heart. What if it should rain and ruin the yet unshocked feed in the field? She would help Sam tomorrow and next day. She had shocked feed before; she could do it again. Then she thought of the river. So much rain in the northwest might make it rise. Matt would have to cross that river to get home.

The sun was still low in the east the next morning when Martha came to where Sam was setting up the bundles of feed in tepee fashion.

"I'm going to help you," she said.

"But, Miz Langdon, I don't think you ought! I know Matt wouldn't like it, and the liftin's too much."

"I won't do much lifting. You pick up the bundles and I'll help place them." There was a finality in Martha's

ILLUSTRATOR

OAKLEY REYNOLDS

Bible Dolls

BEGUN AS A HOBBY, NOW THEY ARE A CAREER!

AS FAR back as she can remember, Mrs. Diana Forman has had a yen for doll-making. In college her friends twitted her about her "little girl complex," but while they spent idle hours at bridge or gossip she went right on making and dressing her dolls. It gave her an outlet for artistic expression of her genuine flair for creative activity.

Now that hobby has turned suddenly into a career—and, if she pays any heed to religious educators, to say nothing of merchandisers—it soon will develop into a sizable commercial as well as missionary venture.

It was after her marriage to young Rabbi Max L. Forman that she first turned from making frivolous little fashion mannikins to Bible dolls. She found that her table decorations took on vital religious meaning, especially on Jewish holidays, when she would create for a centerpiece some little scene suited to the occasion, replete with characters connected with the event.

Just before the Purim Festival, she was working one day on a group of doll characters suggested by the Esther story when her five-year-old daughter climbed up on a chair and wanted to know what it was all about. While her busy hands put the finishing touches to Queen Esther and Mordecai, Haman and Ahasuerus, Mrs. Forman told little Gayle the story.

A few days later, in celebration of her sixth birthday, Gayle received from her mother a lovely



stuffed rabbit as a gift. She took one look at it, then burst into tears. "I'd rather 've had Queen Esther!" she sobbed.

Amazed, her mother demanded why. "'Cause," cried the child, "this ole bunny's just a—a bunny. But Queen Esther—she's real!"

That did it. That confirmed all Mrs. Forman had learned in college classes about child pedagogy. Here was a chance to put across to her child—and others—the vital meaning of biblical characters and events! She fell to work, creating Bible dolls right and left. They weren't just thrown together. Into every one went hours of research into biblical history, costuming, characteristics of Old and New Testament heroes and heroines.

People heard about her hobby, and wanted to know more about this new kind of visual aid to Bible teaching. She began to cart around her doll menage to parents' groups, Sunday schools, meetings of religious educators. Demands for replicas began to pour in. And during last Easter week, Gimbel Brothers' Philadelphia store stationed her and her dolls at a prominent place and billed the display as "The World Premiere of Bible Dolls."

The result? Mrs. Forman has had to turn her home at 5435 Woodcrest Avenue, Philadelphia, into an impromptu manufacturing plant. Already she has produced hundreds of her artful creations—and, if her strength holds out, she will turn out many hundreds more!



voice which kept Sam from answering. "This is a *man's* work," Sam mumbled several times during the long morning. But Martha pretended not to hear. The feel of the hard stalks in her hands comforted her. The rustling of the bundles together made her think of heavy silk she had seen in the stores in Jefferson.

Matt had promised her that if everything went well she and the baby could make the trip to Vernon with him next spring. It would be good to look in the stores again and see all the pretty things on display.

At noon she went to the house ahead of Sam to cook their dinner. After they had eaten Sam said, "I'll work as late as I can because I got a feeling it'll be raining before the week is out."

"I'll be back to help you in an hour or so," Martha said. "Maybe I better rest a few minutes."

"You'd better rest the whole afternoon," Sam said. He did not deny that Martha's help had speeded the work, and Martha knew that many more shocks of feed were standing in the field than would have been had she not been there.

But Martha did not heed Sam's words and when night came she was too tired to notice the lightning in the northwest or to hear the distant rumble of thunder.

Wednesday morning came and clouds covered the sun and scudded across the sky. Martha hurried with her work in the house so that she might get to the field earlier. What a surprise Matt would have when he came home that night to find most of the feed off the ground and in neatly shocked rows! She had not been as tired last night as the night before, and she would perhaps be able to do more than ever today.

It was cooler and the bundles felt lighter. Martha felt an exhilaration she had not known since Matt had said he was going to Vernon. A feeling of guiltiness because of her unjust accusation had weighed upon her. She knew now that he was on his way home and tonight she would see him.

She knew she had hurt Matt, but she told herself it was better perhaps that she had; men were so unconcerned sometimes with the affairs of women. Little things which were important to every wife were no more than chaff to a man's way of thinking.

Many times that autumn morning, Martha looked across the treeless prairie and asked herself if it was right to bring a child into the world in such a place. A place where privations were many, where luxuries were none. A baby had a right to at least the proper kind of clothes to wear!

After the noon-day meal Martha did
(Continued on page 84)



Pardon Me, *Your Age is Showing*

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

I SUPPOSE most of us are flattered when youngsters seem to prefer our society. I know I am. And yet it shouldn't seem so remarkable to us that some teenster should find what we have to say worth listening to. (Especially after you've listened to the disjointed talking-in-their-sleep which most of their contemporary conversation resembles!) But at any rate, pleased as I always am when young Bob C— makes a trip over to my house to spend an evening with me, I wasn't quite prepared for his paying me a compliment in words.

"Know what I like about you?" he said as he was leaving.

"Nope. Can't guess."

"Well, I like you because you don't know too much."

"Oh?" I tried not to look surprised at this dubious-sounding piece of flattery. "But if that's your standard, you might

find somebody who knows even less."

"You know what I mean," he said quite seriously. "You're still finding out things from other people. You haven't given up trying to figure out things. Your brains haven't got a paunch, the way some middle-aged brains have. They can still bend over and touch their toes without puffing. A lot of people your age . . ."

"Please!" I cried, seizing one of the young fry's own favorite expressions, "Leave us not talk about 'my age' as if it was some deformity you noticed the minute you glanced at me."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," Bob cried, interrupting me in that nice way he has, which is a compliment in itself because it sounds as if we're just

two persons of the same generation exploring a subject together.

"I hafta laugh at middle-aged people," he said confidently, the way the young generally speak when they trust you enough to speak with sincerity. "They do what they can to look young. They go on diets and keep their figures, most of them. And they pick out nice-looking clothes and go in for sports. But when they open their mouths, you want to say to 'em, 'Pardon me, your age is showing . . .'"

WE BOTH burst out laughing at that unexpectedly good quip of Bob's. Then he went on, "Didja ever notice that even if you didn't hear the voice or see the person talking, you could tell just about how old or how young people are? They give themselves away . . ."

"How?" (Continued on page 32)

ILLUSTRATOR

ISABEL DAWSON

I MUST confess that it has often seemed to me, especially during the recent war years, that the things which matter most have been at the mercy of the things that matter least in this dark world.

But the other day I ran across a cure for my spiritual despondency. And it came to me through one of America's outstanding business executives.

I have a friend who, each year, travels some 100,000 miles by air. One day I asked him what was the most thrilling experience he ever had in the air. He told me a story which taught me something important about life in these tumultuous days.

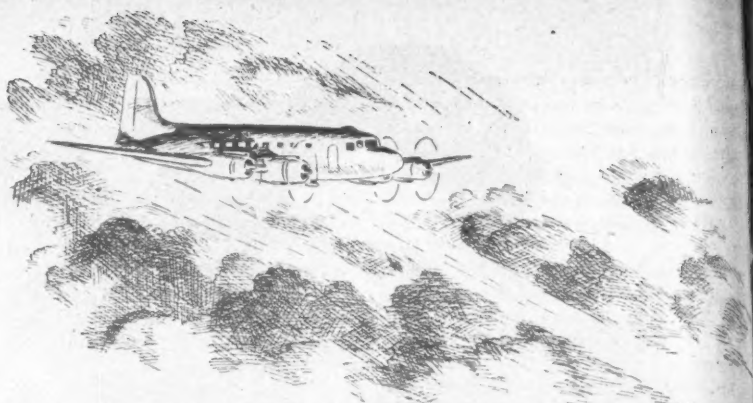
"I had my most thrilling experience in air travel," he said, "one night when going from Chicago to California on a sleeper plane. It was a bad night, and when I got to the Chicago airport there was only one other passenger on board, a woman. So we got to talking. I found out that she was the widow of a famous tractor manufacturer, and that she too was bound for California. We talked all the way from Chicago to Kansas City. But in Kansas City we had to change planes and several additional passengers got on board, so we were separated and did not get a chance to continue our conversation. However, by the time we reached Cheyenne she and I once again were the only passengers.

"At Cheyenne it was foggy and only two passengers got on board. After we left that city I went to sleep and was awakened a few hours later by a terrific lunge of the ship. We had run into a terrible storm. The ship would plunge sharply, side slip and throw us all against our straps until I felt almost cut in two.

"Across from me, the stewardess was taking care of the one woman who had boarded our plane at Cheyenne—and she certainly needed it, for she was a very sick lady. She kept saying over and over to her husband: 'Never again, you hear me? Never again! You said I would like flying! Well, I *don't* like it, and if I ever get down alive you'll never get me in a plane again!'

"I sighed in sympathy with the distressed lady. Then I glanced over to my friend—and there she sat, as the ship lurched from side to side, with a smile on her face. She bore one of the most beautiful expressions I ever saw on the countenance of a woman, perfectly at peace with herself and the world, registering no more concern than if she were sitting before her own fire-side reading a book of poems. I wondered at this, for even I, a seasoned air-traveler, was having my qualms and fears. I was wondering quite seriously if we would get out alive.

"Her very calm quieted my fears, and I called across to her: 'You certainly



SHE KEPT HER EYES ON THE *Sunrise*

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AL MILLER

look at ease. You aren't sick and you don't act frightened. Are you just bluffing, or are you practicing some kind of mental control?"

"She turned to me and said: 'Oh, I hadn't noticed the bumps particularly. For the last hour I have been watching that glorious sun shining on the clouds and the mountains. Did you ever see such beauty as is in those white, crimson and golden clouds? How could one be sick or frightened when watching a sunrise like that?'

"**T**HEN I looked for myself. And, sure enough, the sun was rising out of the level prairies to the east and it was turning those snowy peaks and white clouds to a great and beautiful panorama of gold, crimson and rose. It looked like some fairyland, majestic and gorgeous with color. I had never seen anything like it. I had learned my lesson. I shall never forget that intelligent woman's words: 'How could anyone be sick or frightened when watching a sunrise like that?'

"Since that night, whenever business conditions get bad, or I am sick of myself or wearied with my problems, whenever things look stormy and dark, I try to keep my eyes on something ahead—some bright World of Tomorrow, some friendly meeting I am to have, some vacation or special time with my family coming up, some sunrise ahead. *I keep my eyes on the sunrise!*'

I have tried that business man's cure

for uncertainty, learned from a calm and gracious lady, and I find that it works. It works through good times and bad, through war and peace, in personal and national problems. I too have learned always to keep my eyes on the sunrise, to concentrate in times of trouble to the hope and happiness ahead.

From my childhood I remember there was always a great joy in having something ahead to look forward to—going barefoot for the first time in Spring, the first plunge into the old swimming hole, the glorious day when school was out, the Sunday-school picnic, the day we could go out gathering wild flowers on the hillsides of West Virginia, fishing in the Ohio River, gathering nuts and blackberries, the coming of Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas—always something ahead to look forward to. A child always keeps his eyes on the sunrise. A child is always happy and full of hope, and this is the secret of that happiness. 'Except ye become as little children . . .

IN YOUTH too, I, in common with my kind, always had something to look forward to. If things weren't going well today, there was always that sunrise of tomorrow to look forward to, that next adventure. There was high school, going off to college or work, a date with my girl just around the corner. There was college ahead, with all its unknown adventures; and after I got

to college there were studies, athletics, social times, examinations; and finally, there was commencement, and marriage and a new home, and babies and problems and joys and adventures together with someone I loved.

After marriage, there was the long day's work, and at its end there was going home to my child and wife, and the garden, and fixing up things around the house. There was always a holiday over the hills, always something ahead—quiet evenings in my own easy chair, before my own fireside, with a book and somebody I loved, and the children upstairs asleep in their beds.

William Allen White once said to me: "You know, Bill, there's something in each new day to bring adventure and excitement. It may be somebody who drops off the train for a visit, a new book to read and review, a hunting or fishing trip. It may be a new word I have discovered, or a great phrase which stirs my soul. It may be some stirring event in Emporia or the nation or the world. There is always something ahead, if you are looking in that direction—something to lift the spirits and stir the emotions. It's the look

ahead that makes for peace in the soul!"

The sunrise toward which the world is looking today is peace. To many of us peace may be a long time coming. But in our impatience we must remember that the dawn is coming! We must keep reminding ourselves that these clouded days are not the final moments in civilization, that the sky has not fallen, that the world has not come to an end, that there will be a tomorrow, that we have a right to keep our eyes on the sunrise!

I NEVER saw a happier man than the late Edwin Markham. At sixty-five, he lost the savings of a lifetime through the treachery of a so-called friend. The money he had hoped would give him an easy old age for creative work was gone in a day. At first it made him bitter. Then, one cold and rainy November day, he sat at his desk with a great bitterness in his heart. As he looked out of the window, he found himself unconsciously drawing circles on the paper before him. Suddenly, there was a rift in the clouds and the sun shone through. A wave of faith, hope and love swept over him. He

forgave his friend who had betrayed him into this great material loss, and as that wave of forgiveness swept over him he wrote his immortal quatrain, "Outwitted":

*He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!*

When, at 65, Markham arose from that desk with forgiveness and a new faith in his heart, and started out to make his life all over again, he was at the age when most men feel that they have earned the right to rest. From then on to 85, he was like a man in his youth—writing his best poetry, traveling across this continent giving readings and lectures, sleeping on day coaches, taking long trips on buses, and lecturing four or five times a day while there.

One day in my home in Boston, we got to talking about his philosophy of hope and happiness. He was then 79. In the midst of this discussion he said to me: "It's the forward and upward look that makes for hope and happiness, William!"

THE END

"How could one be frightened when watching a sunrise like that?" she said.



YOUR AGE IS SHOWING

(Continued from page 29)

"Well, the middle-aged ones—those are the ones we're talking about—just disapprove of things. They don't like this and they don't like that. Everything's going to pot. Nothing's as good as it used to be. They keep comparing everything with the old days."

I thought to myself, a bit wistfully, "You would, too, my young friend, if you could remember the old days!" But I didn't say that, for if I have learned anything at all about getting along well with youngsters, it is not to say everything I think. It is, in fact, not to say much at all, but just to keep egging them on to express themselves.

And Bob was going on. "Not wanting things to change is usually just sheer laziness. Being positive about things is often laziness too. Lotta fellows are positive about what they think because they just don't want to think any further on the subject. They settled their opinions once and for all long ago, and they don't want to shove them around."

"Thinking is hard work for most of us, young or old," I said.

"Right! It's hard work. It's rugged exercise, and exercise keeps you slim mentally just the same as it keeps your body from bulging. Well, anyway, I gotta go home. See you s'more," he said, banging my front door behind him.

FOR the next few days, off and on, I thought about what he had said, and the more I thought of it the more grateful I felt that I *could* talk to youngsters, even if it does sometimes feel to me that I'm stumbling around in a foreign language. In a way we are foreigners, we of different generations, for the old and the young are often farther from each other than members of different races.

But we have learned that there is no room in this world for isolationism. The term "One World," so freely bandied about, is showing itself to have much more profound meanings than we at first suspected. If we are ever to find One World of safety and progress and mutual respect, surely the understanding between different generations is just as necessary as tolerance between nations.

We expect the younger generations to learn from us; one of the seldom-admitted annoyances we feel towards this present crop of self-confident youngsters is that it so frankly dismisses the wisdom which we have so painfully accumulated. The past ten years haven't given much evidence that our way of life is either safe or blessed. But, even so, we secretly think that the young would be better off if they would listen to what we have to say. And on many subjects, of course,

HAPPY ENCOUNTER

By

The Country Preacher

I WAS once asked to address the Vermont Medical Association at its annual banquet in Burlington. I was to speak on the service of the doctor to the rural home. What could I say? I made the mistake which we always make of looking afar for the answer which lies too near to be seen. Suddenly I realized that in my own boyhood home was the story I should tell.

It was a dreary morning in October. We had moved to a mountain farm, bitterly poor, and Father was working in the barn. He leaped from a high scaffolding to a lower one. The floor broke through and he fell. A sharp board tore through his body. Mother and I were alone with him; I was 7. There were no telephones on our mountain. While she struggled with his clothing, amid rivers of blood, I was sent to the Hobart place a mile away to call for help where all the men were threshing. I stood and called in the rain and they gave me no attention—I was just one of those Hewitt boys fooling around.

At last I made them understand that I was in dire agony. Help came, and doctors were called. They all said the case was hopeless. But at last, on the fourth day they did what now would be done at once; they took Father to the Mary Fletcher Hospital at Burlington. There was a surgeon there, Dr. John B. Wheeler, who operated and saved my father's life.

As I stood before the doctors of Vermont and their wives, I told that story. I had gone to the banquet not knowing whether John B. Wheeler was dead or alive. I only knew that at a great age he had broken his hip some years before, and I supposed it fatal. I never once had seen him, but in my speech I said, "I never come to Burlington without thinking of John B. Wheeler. I should count it an honor to be received by the King of England or the President of the United States, but I should rather take the hand of John B. Wheeler, who saved the happiness of my home for a quarter of a century!"

I had hardly spoken the words, when every man and woman stood amid thunders of applause. And when the tumult subsided and they sat down, a little gray-bearded man rose, half-way down the long table to my left, bowed to me and said, "I thank you, sir, I thank you!"

So I met John B. Wheeler for the first time.—ARTHUR W. HEWITT.

they would be better off, and might spare themselves much grief ahead.

But no doubt we also could profit by listening to *them*, if we could make ourselves attractive and important enough to them so that they would bother to talk frankly with us—and we would bother to listen.

During the next few days I found myself thinking over persons among my friends, and applying Bob's viewpoint to them. There weren't many who would consider mentally young enough to bother with, although we know quite a few so-called glamorous persons in places and positions where youth is worshipped and emulated. But I rejected most of them because what they represent is only an imitation of youth more pathetic than simple acquiescence to old age ever could be.

I found, when I thought over these persons who are only spuriously "young," that the falseness lies largely in the fact that what they are simulating is not the gaiety of youth, but its follies. I know of several women who are still flutteringly irresponsible long after they should be mature and poised and helpful. I know of several men who are foolishly impetuous as they apparently remember that boys sometimes are. These persons I am not counting, for their youthiness is only poor make-believe which deceives no one. Theirs is only play-acting which springs not from within themselves, but is only a shallow set of gestures grafted on from without.

They have "made the platter clean" only on the outside, for their diets and their exercises do not penetrate below the surface. Dieting for the body's sake is clumsy fumbling after youth. The dieting that really matters is refraining from discouragement and disillusionment, and giving up the overripe past in favor of the future.

DIET and exercise will keep us young. But it must be a diet of fresh ideas and the "things of good report," and it must be the exercise of our liveliest living.

The "ageless" persons, who are equally at home with any generation, have animated themselves from within, either from a spark of mental brightness or from the glow of spiritual vitality. Like all effectiveness, the circumference of their behavior is in harmony with the inner center of it. Their freedom from what we sadly mean when we say "old age" is not a mere glaze, but is fourteen-karat quality emanating from either mental or spiritual soundness.

I am selecting one of my friends from each classification to illustrate what I mean. The first one is a woman who embodies a sure secret of everlasting aliveness. She has become what

(Continued on page 58)

The Plain People

Christian Herald takes you on a tour of an Amish settlement, where vanity is a cardinal sin and convictions are something to live by, not just recite on the Sabbath

By G. F. UTTER

ONLY a half-hour drive from the metropolitan turmoil of Cleveland, Ohio, a rural crossroad today is the center of a spiritual Shangri-La which has inhabitants so indifferent to the impact and import of modern science they refuse even to use electricity, which to them is a symbol of a progress too rapid and too unwisely planned.

This crossroad, near Middlefield, is the home of one settlement of the nation's Amish, a sect of peaceful agrarians who deliberately have turned the clock back nearly 2,000 years so that they may live as closely as possible to conditions in the time of Christ. These people and their ancestors have been doing just this for more than four hundred years, both in Europe and America.

A visitor to an Amish settlement has the uncanny feeling of having stepped back into another century. Once off the paved super-highways and onto the dirt roads of the "Plain People," as the Amish term themselves, there are seen no power or telephone lines, no radios are heard, and the only vehicles in sight are sturdy farm wagons or the four-wheeled, black-curtained buggies which the Amishmen themselves make.

In the homes, scrupulously neat and clean, there are found no electric lights, only the kerosene lamps of 50 years ago. Walls are papered in the most subdued of tones, or only whitewashed, and have on them no mirrors, photographs and seldom a picture unless it is one of religious theme, perhaps adorning a calendar. Amish floors have no figured carpets and rooms have only the simplest furniture, often homemade from the stout willow of the region.

The windows of an Amish house are



PHOTOS BY CRAGG, CLEVELAND NEWS

curtained with muslin, caught up at one side, draped during the day and let down at night. There are no shades on the windows.

The jangle of a party-line telephone bell, that insistent voice of most farm homes, never is heard in an Amish household, for along with electric lights, the automobile, radio and moving pic-

tures, the "Plain People" will have no traffic with Alexander Graham Bell's invention.

In keeping with the sect's conviction that worldly vanity is a cardinal sin, the clothing of Amishmen and their wives and children is invariably simple. When not wearing overalls, blue levis and blue jackets, the Amishman wears a somber black coat and trousers, blue shirt and flat black hat. His wife, when she goes to market, wears a black sun-bonnet hood and a black cloak or shawl over a dress of unadorned gingham. The colors of her dress are restricted to black, blue, green or lavender.

In the homes, Amish girls and women, (Continued on page 78)

Eschewing modernity in both transportation and habiliments, the Amishmen build their own buggies, design their own clothes. And even the youngsters shun the camera's intrusion, as below





HE CALLS *Congressmen to Prayer*

Strictly in the tradition of his Master, who invited the burdened to breakfast, is Abraham Vereide whose Breakfast Groups are having an undeniable effect in Washington and elsewhere

By JACOB SIMPSON PAYTON

THE most durable thing on Capitol Hill is the Christian religion. Skeptics who ask for evidence may find it in the weekly meetings of Senators and Representatives who comprise two "Breakfast Groups," links in a chain of coast to coast fellowships sponsored by the National Committee for Christian Leadership.

During recent years Congress has been reorganized, party control of the Legislative Branch has shifted, and with the cessation of hostilities many agencies have folded up. But ever since 1941, when by an act of faith Abraham Vereide proposed to a number of lawmakers that once a week they meet about the breakfast table for prayer, Bible study and exchange of views, the congressional Breakfast Groups have increased in attendance. Moreover, the numbers they attract refute the erroneous charge that religion is given scant consideration by members of Congress.

No attempt is here made to burnish up tarnished reputations. There is rather conclusive evidence that the heavenly virtues do not shine in all Federal legislators. It should be said,

however, that many of the men and women who comprise the present Congress are deeply religious, despite the complaint that their record for church attendance is not a thing to throw Washington pastors into raptures.

Congress is but a microcosm of America. The good and the not-so-good may be found within its halls. A few may have ascended a ladder with one end planted in a notorious ward, but the majority of them had a Christian home for the first rung. And, by and large, they have resisted being processed into a state of spiritual dehydration under the withering effects of politics.

Latest evidence of that resistance is seen in the Breakfast Groups—and in their response to Vereide. Just who and what is this man Vereide? Let us see. . . .

WHEN Abraham Vereide stepped off a steamer from Norway to a New York dock he was young, alone and bewildered. He will never cease to believe in Providence so long as he remembers an elderly Christian woman who placed in his mind some eternal

truths and in his hands a copy of the Bible. Her instructions became the signposts and God's Word became the lamp unto his feet which offered guidance and light through university and theological seminary. Later, as a religious worker in Montana, God's goodness seemed to be magnified by the vastness of the plains and the immensity of the mountains.

It was in 1931, while located in Boston as assistant general superintendent of the Goodwill Industries of America, that Mr. Vereide was invited by the Governor of Vermont to confer about the grave economic situation created by the depression. The following spring he was the guest of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, who listened to his growing convictions that the specific for America's economic ills was nothing other than a resurgence of spiritual vitality in the lives of civic and business leaders.

With the cooperation of the Governor, a meeting of such representatives was called in New York. At this meeting men forsook graphs and charts and, instead, searched the Scriptures and their own hearts to find causes and cures. Present were financiers, who dealt with so-called soulless corporations, and little businessmen harassed by threats of destruction. The confidences exchanged there, in an atmosphere of prayer and privacy, made an indelible impression upon Abraham Vereide. It deepened his conviction that religion should be carried into such circles in every city of America.

AND so an idea was born, or rediscovered. Perhaps the latter is more accurate, for the origin of the Breakfast Groups is recorded in the Gospel of St. John. Referring to the pattern now followed in 122 American towns and cities and in foreign lands since he organized the first Group in Seattle, Washington, in April, 1935, Mr. Vereide says: "The first group was started by Jesus; you'll remember that He invited a few tired and discouraged businessmen to breakfast."

It requires audacious faith to get even a good thing going in Washington, D. C. Every crackpot in America seems to arrive eventually in the Nation's Capital. And members of Congress are particularly pestered by men and women who mistake a brain throb for some panacea for the multitudinous afflictions, real or imaginary, that beset America. To broach another meeting to congressmen when already they were complaining about impossible committee schedules might have seemed preposterous, but for two things. They were the persuasive manner in which Abraham Vereide laid upon the statumakers' hearts their obligation to God—and their feeling of need, which is

always the starting point of spiritual progress.

"Cannot we clarify our vision," Vereide asked, "by studying together what is the will of the Lord for those who direct the destinies of the Nation?"

There are many tables on Capitol Hill—tables about which committees frame legislation, or perfect it, or lay rejected measures like lifeless bodies on slabs in a morgue. But six years ago, Senators and Representatives drew up their chairs to two entirely different tables in the restaurants beneath the Capitol dome—there to partake of the Word which is the Bread of Life, and to discover how to expend the strength derived from personal righteousness.

THE congressional Breakfast Groups have always shunned publicity. Rightly or wrongly, they are adamant on the question of advertising their breakfast meetings. They cite the example of Jesus and His disciples who withdrew from the multitude into a quiet place. Politicians early learn the danger of having their highest motives questioned or distorted. The Breakfast Groupers seem to fear—perhaps rightly—that unfriendly criticism will charge them with using their religion to strengthen their prestige, or of adopting it as a protective coloring.

Among the earliest arrivals for the Breakfast Group meetings on Wednesday and Thursday mornings are Senators and Representatives whose names brilliantly illuminate the rosters of their political parties. While it might be an overstatement to say that "the governing minds" of Congress attend, since probably every member regards himself in that category, the attendance is entirely representative. And among them are old political "wheel horses" who delight to be numbered with those who pull for God and Country.

The first act upon arrival is for each member to hang up with his hat his partisanship, political armor and regional prejudices. In the place of Christian fellowship these "Gentlemen of the Hill" meet on common ground. Removed from the noise and numbers of the clamorous world in which they move, they seek to hear the voice of God rather than that of *vox populi*. The welfare of America, always precious in their sight, becomes more so as its realization is interpreted by a member of the Group who, from their study of the Scriptures, know that national longevity, prosperity and happiness are conditioned by sound morality stemming from obedience to the divine laws.

There is no time wasted on chatter over trivialities or political disputations. Members of the Breakfast Groups are deadly serious in their attempt to discover what is wrong with this feverish

(Continued on page 64)



Abraham Vereide leading the devotions at a meeting of the Senate group

Where Two Ways Met

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL



Once in his room he tore open the package. It was a photo of June.

THE STORY SO FAR: Back home from the service, PAIGE MADISON accepts a position with HARRIS CHALMERS, a high-powered realtor whose business methods reputedly are a bit on the unethical side. His suspicions are verified when Chalmers tries to use him in some shady "foreclosure" cases. Meanwhile, Chalmers' daughter, REVA—beautiful but spoiled—sets out to win this strange young man who seems not only disinterested in her but in her flamboyant kind of living. Paige is attracted to JUNE CULBERTSON, the minister's daughter; and the two of them become fast friends, embarking on several missions of mercy together. This angers Reva, who tries to pull a *coup* by getting her father to take Paige on a vacation with him. Paige, not knowing Reva's part in it, agrees to accompany his employer on condition that he can come home week-ends in order to teach his Sunday-school class. *The story proceeds . . .*

[PART FOUR]

PAIGE'S first few days at the shore were fairly interesting and restful, although he did not consider himself in any need of rest.

Chalmers professed to be under orders to get a great deal of sleep and rest, and he didn't let himself be wakened until late. After a luxurious breakfast in bed, he spent a half hour with the morning papers and then sent for Paige. There followed an hour or two of work, interspersed by oratory intended to gradually set forth his business policies which he still hoped to have break on his new assistant's consciousness so gradually that he would not be shocked into realizing that it was contrary to all his own earlier conceived ideas of right and wrong.

Chalmers' idea of ethics was that, if you went at matters of that sort deliberately enough, the sharp contrast be-

tween good and bad would soon be eliminated and there would no longer be left the normal sensitive conscience.

Paige's day began with a dip in the sea. After, came a time with his Bible, then he felt fit for the day, physically, mentally and spiritually.

But Chalmers grew weary of the continual lying around. He was not by nature a lazy man. He was used to leading an active life, going from one interesting thing to another, and this role of invalid he was playing was not to his liking.

On Thursday evening Reva arrived, most "unexpectedly" of course. Paige looked his surprise at Reva when he saw her amid a small mountain of suitcases. He thought at first she must be on her way to a resort for the summer and had merely stopped off to see her father, but his heart sank as he

realized that she would be underfoot all the next day at least. Then in almost her first sentence she made it plain that she had come to stay over Sunday.

On Friday morning Paige carried out his usual program—a brief swim, and then his devotions. He came down to breakfast and met Reva already at the table reading the society column of the morning paper.

"Hi!" she called gaily. "Aren't we going to have fun today?"

"Are we?" asked Paige. "Did your father make new plans last night after I went to my room?"

"Father nothing. What did he have to do with it?"

"Oh, then you don't know I'm down here working for him?"

"A lot you are. Not today! I'm boss here now!"

"Oh, are you? But I didn't agree to work for you." Paige grinned pleasantly.

"Well, you're going to—today, that is! I fixed that all up with Dad last night. Would you like to go for a swim first or shall we go sailing?"

"Sorry," said Paige, "but I have work to do this morning."

"Dad will see to that if I tell him to," said Reva with an ugly look. "But anyhow I'd rather go swimming this morning and sailing this afternoon."

"VERY well, suppose you go swimming this morning while I am working and then perhaps your father would join us for a sail this afternoon."

Reva pouted. "Dad might make a fuss if I go alone. He always thinks I'm going to get drowned."

Paige knew this wasn't true, but he only smiled and said: "Oh, you won't be alone. There are plenty of other people around."

They strolled out into the lobby of the hotel to see if there was any mail. Paige's heart thrilled as he saw a package with his name in it. Then he caught the name of a photographer on the envelope and quickly hid it under some magazines.

With the package carefully protected under his arm and hands filled with letters, one of which he was sure was from June, he bowed courteously to Reva.

"Excuse me," he said. "There are some things here I must attend to at once," and he made a dash for an elevator just about to close its doors.

Once in his room he locked the door and opened the package. It was a photo of June! He had asked her for one, but had no idea she would comply so readily. It was like having her in the room, and he wondered at the tumult in his heart.

Then he opened her letter. It was brief, written just after his telephone message. It didn't exactly say that her heart was in a tumult over hearing his



He became conscious of someone in the room. Reva, her eyes burning with hatred, was glaring at June's picture.

voice again, but it did convey that impression.

He put June's picture safely away out of sight and then hurried to his boss with the stack of letters.

At lunch time, both Paige and his boss were tired. So that afternoon they—with Reva—went sailing. Paige showed that he knew a lot about sailboats and was at home on the ocean. They had a pleasant sail and came in tired and ready to rest a while.

That night, on the pretext of wanting to see an old friend, Reva asked Paige to drive her to a nearby resort. But when they arrived at the hotel where Reva's friend was staying, he found himself involved in a dance. His indignation rose when he saw that Reva had planned this to put him in an embarrassing position, to see if she could force him into things she knew he did not care for.

He gave a quick glance about the beautiful room with its throng of merry-

makers, and his pleasant lips stiffened a trifle. When Reva's friends approached, there were introductions, and a gay welcome for this good-looking young man. Then suddenly an officer in full-dress uniform dawned on his vision with hand outstretched eagerly:

"Paige Madison! My boy! To think of finding you here!"

His old captain was now a colonel! And, more than that, Paige knew him to be a real friend.

"I'm so glad to see you, Paige. How about stepping out here on the porch and sitting down for a little talk?"

IT WAS an hour later when the colonel bade him good-night. Then Paige looked at his watch and wondered if it wasn't almost time for him to do something about the young woman he was supposed to be escorting. He began to walk slowly the length of the piazza, stopping now and again to look in a window; once he saw Reva in the arms

of a young sailor, looking raptly at him.

Paige wandered aimlessly about for a while, and then, noting the hour, went after Reva to tell her he must take her home. She sulked, but went along. In the car it was evident that she was very angry. At last she blurted out: "I think that was the meanest thing I ever saw anybody do! Taking a girl to a dance and then going off and leaving her!"

"Yes? And what about taking a man to a dance when you knew he didn't dance?"

"Oh, well, that's ridiculous! You ought to get over this notion that you can't dance, or won't—I don't know which it is. You know you ought to do it for Dad's sake, if for no other reason. By and by he'll have some swell people he'll want you to take out somewhere and put something big across, and you won't be able to fill the bill because you can't dance. Don't you see how silly you are?"

"No," said Paige. "I do not. And if

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S CLASSIFIED ADS

This is free space. No charge, no money paid. If you're original enough, with a respectable Christian complaint, we might use what you send. But we don't promise anything.

HELP WANTED

MEN with strong backs and weak minds. Education not necessary; in fact, undesirable. If you can hate, love night work, are adept with brass knuckles, know your Nazism and have entrance fee, you're in. No questions asked, but we prefer criminal records to church membership. Anxious to get not just 100 percenters who hate Catholics and Jews, but 200 percenters who hate everybody. Address: **THE COLUMBIANS**.

NEW MEMBERS for the Party. Will accept only those who are ready to help undermine U.S. Government. Never mind your name or record; we have adequate files containing aliases, fake passports, false records, etc., which are obtainable on demand. Great opportunities for saboteurs, troublemakers, malcontents, prevaricators, trained rabble-rousers. Those believing in consistency, honor, charity, cooperation, or the American Way need not apply. Good opportunities for travel; we have active branches everywhere. All you have to do is to say what **The Boss** (overseas) tells you to say, and follow the Party Line. (It changes, but we'll keep you informed.) Write or wire: **WORLD COMMUNISM**.

STUDENTS and TEACHERS for new theological seminary we are about to organize. Seminary's curricula will put emphasis not on what Spinoza thought, but on modern human pain. Students will not spend endless, fruitless hours on systematic theology or Greek, but will be required to spend ten hours per week observing police courts and attending labor union meetings; graduates will serve ministerial internship in hospital. Faculty members must be able to talk language of American common man as well as the Hebrew of ancient Palestine. Will grant no degrees in this seminary, nor will we accept any student unless he can convince us he wants to serve humanity and not escape the economic struggle for existence. Address: **SEMINARY OF TOMORROW, Middletown, U.S.A.**

AUCTIONS

AUCTION SALE: Next Tuesday, 10 A.M. Choice lot of broken bodies, shattered homes, burned towns and cities. Also remarkable collection of assorted tombstones, criminal minds, shell-shocked idiots, uniforms full of holes and smeared with blood. Anxious to sell quickly, as I am raising money for the next war. Address: **MARS & THOR, INC.**

WANTED: MISCELLANEOUS

A NATIONAL BEAUTY CONTEST in this country which will emphasize beauty more than skin deep, run by sponsors who will not kill the winner with commercial publicity rackets after she's won. Would like to have contests judged on character, brains, amiability, high moral standards, willingness to sign something better than liquor and cigarette ads. Write: **THE AMERICAN GIRL**.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Silver fox jacket, jewelry worth \$9,000, diamond-studded cigarette case, in vestibule of The Church of The Penniless Nazarene. Finder please contact **MRS. GILDA BOREDOM, Country Club Road, Middletown.**

PERSONALS

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I hereby serve notice that I have left the employ of First Church, Middletown, where I have been janitor for thirty years. Am a nervous wreck, quitting on doctor's orders. I hereby pay my respects to Mrs. Jones, who always called me to open the window, and to Mrs. Smith, who always called me back to close it; to Mr. Jackson, who wanted the place hot as an oven, to Mr. Johnson, who wanted it cold as a morgue; to the Official Board which debated two hours over whether to buy me a new mop, and then complained because the place was dirty. From now on I shall attend every service and meeting, and complain about something to every one. Respectfully yours, **JOHN JOHANSEN, EX-JANITOR.**

my job with your father depends on anything like that, I had better begin to look for another one right away."

"Oh, you silly! I didn't mean that of course." Her manner changed abruptly. "Well, anyhow you'll go swimming with me tomorrow morning, won't you?"

"I couldn't possibly. There were some very important letters in today's mail, and more are likely to be in tomorrow morning. I must get those answered and off before I leave."

"Before you leave?" she exclaimed unbelievably. "You don't honestly mean that you are going away and leave Dad, a poor sick man, all alone?"

"Sorry," said Paige, "that was the agreement. I couldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for that. And he's not alone. You are here."

And though she talked and pleaded the rest of the way back to their hotel, she was not able to change his mind. And yet, strange to say, his stubbornness merely intrigued her.

AFTER his early dip in the ocean the next day, Paige came back to his room and dressed—admiring June's picture the while—remembering happily that he was to leave for home at noon. It did not take him long to pack, then he sat down with his Bible.

He was sitting there reading when he became conscious of someone standing in the doorway, and he looked up, startled. There stood Reva, her eyes burning with hatred, glaring at June's photograph. She glanced quickly from the picture to the Bible. This was what had spoiled all her plans! This Bible, and that picture! That girl, whoever she was, was probably at the bottom of it all. She longed to tear the picture to shreds, to stamp on the Bible.

"Oh, is it time to go down?" Paige said calmly. "Were you waiting for me?"

Reva turned baleful eyes on him, reached out and snatched the Bible from his hand, flung it across the room.

Then she found her hand seized firmly in a grip that frightened her.

"That will be about all," Paige said in a cold voice. "Now, will you please get out of my room?" He firmly propelled her into the hall, closed his door and locked it with a sharp snap.

Reva, thus ejected, stood amazed. She had never dreamed he would dare do that! Just for a Bible! If it had been the picture she had torn, that might have made him angry, but a Bible! He could get dozens of them in the stores.

She waited for a full two minutes. Surely he would come out and apologize. She could hear him moving around with quick, angry steps. He had gone over to the bureau. He was pulling out drawers, then slamming them shut as though preparing for instant departure.

What had she done? Her intention
(Continued on page 86)

DISCIPLE OF THE MONTH

Deborah
1947

By CLARENCE W. HALL

A **HOMEMAKER** who became a judge, a "mother of Israel" whose blood boiled at the oppression visited on her people by the Canaanites, and who became a flaming torch at the head of a resistance movement that was irresistible—because it had right and justice on its side—that was Deborah the First.

If you're looking for a modern Deborah, you need look no farther than the General Assembly of the United Nations where, in the section reserved for Netherlands delegates, you will find Dr. Gesina H. J. Van der Molen. If she's not present, inquire for the meeting-place of the UN's Commission on Human Rights. Chances are, you'll find her there, pleading eloquently for the orphaned and displaced children of the world.

The befriending of children—any children, of any race, anywhere—is not her whole interest. But it's a prominent one. During the war, while serving as leader of the underground resistance movement in Amsterdam, Holland, she was personally responsible for the saving of 4,000 Jewish children. How she did it makes one of the most dramatic stories to come out of the war.

When Hitler spilled his legions out onto the highways toward Holland, Dr. Van der Molen knew what was in store for the Jews. She went to them. "Give us your children," she said. "We will hide them out, care for them, see that



PAUL PARKER PHOTO

UN Delegate Van der Molen addressing the men at Bowery Mission

they don't fall into the Nazis' hands." Hundreds of Jewish parents responded, and Dr. Van der Molen began placing the youngsters in Christian homes throughout Holland.

Her project was interrupted when the Nazis swept in. Thousands of Jews were slain in cold blood, others were sent off to concentration and work camps. The younger children, many of them, were herded into a huge "nursery" until it could be decided what disposition to make of them.

Next door to the "nursery" was a Dutch school, which was unmolested by the enemy. There was only a high wall separating the children's concentration camp from the school. Dr. Van der Molen secretly established herself

in a basement of the school, and at night, aided by sympathetic friends, she would slip through the garden at the back of the school, scale the wall, and spirit away a few children each night. Because the Nazis had not bothered to carefully record the youngsters, they only awoke to the fact that hundreds had been "kidnapped" when it was too late—and the frightened little ones were already safely distributed in Dutch homes all over the country.

That was only one of this unusual woman's extraordinary exploits. A staunch Presbyterian, she was also a noted lecturer on international law at the Free University of Amsterdam, a celebrated editor of a daily newspaper,

(Continued on page 62)

How to Conquer Your Fears

A Sermon by John Sutherland Bonnell

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES ZINGARO

BASIL KING, author of "The Conquest of Fear," in the opening paragraph of his book writes: "During most of my conscious life I have been a prey to fear. I cannot remember a time when a dread of one kind or another was not in the air."

Thousands of people could truthfully echo his words. Fear is one of the greatest scourges of the human race. It is universally present. Psychologists, by means of laboratory tests, have established that at birth two fears are already present: fear of a loud noise and fear induced by lack of support. While we begin our lives with only two fears, it is never very long until we succeed in accumulating scores of additional ones.

It should be remembered that some fears are useful and constructive. Edmund Burke has said: "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety."

This normal fear leads to efficiency and the avoidance of needless risks. It is to be distinguished from inappropriate anxieties arising within the individual and not based on reality. These are the unwholesome destructive types, such as fear of failure in life, of unpopularity, of people, constantly brooding fear of physical illness or of a mental breakdown, fear of life in general, of death, fear of a nameless, indescribable menace that appears as a constant threat to one's happiness and peace of mind.

It is not possible to expel from the mind negative, destructive, unwholesome thoughts merely by an act of the will. It is useless to say: "I will not let my mind dwell on these things." They will return and plague you, despite your resolutions. There is only one way in which an undesirable, negative thought can be driven out, and that is by the substitution of a powerful, positive thought.

The Reverend Doctor Thomas Chalmers of Scotland, and, later, Professor William James of Harvard, called this "The expulsive power of a new affection."

A creative, dynamic, spiritual force, such as faith in Christ, possesses the power to expel the destructive emotions which prey upon mind and heart. Our foremost medical scientists realize this today. Doctor William S. Sadler, the Chicago psychiatrist, writes: "The only known cure for fear is faith."

So we are brought back, as always, to the towering figure of the Great Physician, whose life was a constant manifestation of the power of faith. He was always in command of Himself and of every situation. He was never embarrassed or taken by surprise; He was always poised and self-possessed, never in haste, never anxious, never jealous



or impatient with anyone. As He moved among men and women exercising His ministry of redemption and healing, He brought to them unfailingly a sense of God's presence and power.

Nowhere is this manifested so clearly as in the storm on the Sea of Galilee. To His panic-stricken disciples He said: "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" As He stood there in the midst of the raging storm, so serene, so calm, so confident, the disciples began to wonder why they had ever been afraid.

WHY was Jesus disappointed in these men? Why did He gently chide them? The explanation most frequently given is that they should have known that God would save their lives, that He would never have permitted their ship to sink.

That explanation does not go deep enough; it is too superficial. In 1912, when the Titanic was sunk by an iceberg, it carried to their death in the Atlantic 1,513 persons. Were there none among these who believed that God would save them? We have to find a sounder explanation than this. We should seek a principle that can be applied to all of life's experiences. The truth is that when Jesus said to His disciples: "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" He was expressing His disappointment because they had allowed themselves to be stampeded by fear. If they had possessed the faith in God that He was seeking



to impart, they would not have been afraid *even if no hope of rescue had remained.*

True Christian faith does not say to you: "Don't be afraid; the thing that you fear will never happen to you. The tragedies that happen to other people will pass you by."

On the contrary, the faith of Christ teaches us to say: "No matter what misfortunes come my way, I will look them in the face; I will meet them one by one, and demonstrate that they are not to be feared."

During the course of World War II, I talked on many occasions to large bodies of our American soldiers who had finished their preliminary training and were awaiting embarkation overseas. In every instance I reminded these young men that they would know the meaning of fear—when they boarded transports for overseas, when zigzagging at night through the U-boat zone, when they landed on foreign shores with a ruthless and desperate enemy awaiting them.

They were helped most, I found, by a statement that I repeated in every address: "Courage is not the *absence* of fear; it is the *mastery* of it." We are cowards only when we permit fear to dominate and control us.

IN MAY, 1941, when I was on a visit to Britain as a goodwill ambassador from the American churches, on several occasions land mines were dropped by the enemy,

long cylinders of steel attached to huge silken parachutes. There was a severe night raid. At daybreak a warden was horrified to see one of the mines hanging from a steel girder attached by the silken parachute and swaying in the breeze. He called for the demolition squad.

A thirty-foot ladder was placed against the girder, and a young officer in khaki ordered all his men away. He climbed up to where the deadly mine was hanging, and examined it carefully to ascertain whether or not it contained an inner fuse which would explode a few seconds after the outer one had been removed.

AFTER this painstaking inspection, he took out an appropriate wrench and slowly and carefully began to remove the fuse. The mine, finally rendered harmless, was lowered to the ground.

My friend said to the young lieutenant: "I take my hat off to you. How you can do that kind of thing without being afraid, I can't understand."

"You are mistaken," the officer replied, "every time I am called to one of these jobs I am afraid, but I master my fears. I must, because if my hand trembled on that wrench, that moment would probably be my last."

"Would you mind telling me how you master your fears?" my friend asked.

The lieutenant hesitated, and, then, smiling, shyly replied: "Well, it goes back to my childhood in Scotland. I

IF YOU MARRY A ROMAN CATHOLIC



AMONG readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD, as among Protestants generally, there seems to be some confusion relative to what is involved when a Protestant contemplates marriage to a Roman Catholic. We reprint below, without comment, the "Prenuptial Contract" which has to be signed by the non-Catholic party to such a mixed marriage.

"I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with the Catholic party whose signature is also affixed to this mutual agreement, being of sound mind and perfectly free, and only after understanding fully the import of my action, do hereby enter into this mutual agreement, understanding the execution of this agreement and the promises therein contained are made in contemplation of and in consideration for the consent, marriage, and consequent change of status of the hereinafter-mentioned Catholic party, and I, therefore, hereby agree:

1. that I will not interfere in the least with the free exercise of the Catholic party's religion;
2. that I will adhere to the doctrine of the sacred indissolubility of the marriage bond, so that I cannot contract a second marriage while my consort is still alive, even though a civil divorce may have been obtained;
3. that all the children, both boys and girls, that may be born of this union shall be baptized and educated solely in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, even in the event of the death of my Catholic consort. In case of dispute, I furthermore hereby agree fully that the custody of all children shall be given to such guardians as assure the faithful execution of this covenant and promise in the event that I cannot fulfill it myself;
4. that I will lead a married life in conformity with the teachings of the Catholic Church regarding birth control, realizing fully the attitude of the Catholic Church in this regard;
5. that no other marriage ceremony shall take place before or after this ceremony by the Catholic priest.

In testimony of which agreement, I do hereby solemnly swear that I will observe the above agreement and faithfully execute the promises therein contained, and do now affix my signature in approval thereof.

have never forgotten a verse from the Bible which my mother taught me. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." I have been down in that valley many times, but on each occasion I am able to master my fears, for I believe that God is with me and nothing else really matters."

Faith is the supreme antidote to any kind of fear. As our faith increases, our fear diminishes. This is just as true of our view of the world as it is of the life of the individual. I doubt if there

was ever a time in history when faith was so sorely needed as in our day. For lack of it, tens of thousands are dropping their hands in despair of the present world situation. They say: "What is the use in trying to build a new world order? The United Nations Organization and other agencies for peace are doomed to failure. Mankind hasn't a chance left!"

One night recently I read through at a sitting the last book to come from the pen of H. C. Wells. It is entitled: "Mind at the End of Its Tether." You will recall that Mr. Wells has been one

of the foremost advocates of the establishment of a scientific Utopia, a perfect world made possible by man's wisdom and skills, a world in which religion and faith in God would have no place at all. Before he died in August of last year, he wrote this little book which he declared was his last word.

This, in effect, is his message at the close of an eighty-year pilgrimage: "Man is played out; we are living in a jaded world, devoid of recuperative power. The darkness is closing in upon the human race; all our resourcefulness will be of no avail; mankind, like a breed of ants facing extermination, will soon pass into nothingness forever. Our world is like a convoy lost on a dark and unknown rocky coast, with pirates and savages taking command of the ships."

And what can we do about it? Mr. Wells says our proper attitude is one of stoical cynicism as we perish. Surely this is the bankruptcy of unbelief!

I turned at once to the Bible and opened it at the Gospel of St. Luke. For a moment it seemed as if I were reading a description of our own times. The picture is drawn by Jesus. He speaks of wars and commotions, nation rising against nation, kingdom against kingdom, earthquakes, famines, pestilence, religious persecution, and "men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

There was a strangely familiar sound to these words for us who live in this atomic age. And what has our Lord to say of the future and of the mood in which we are to meet these troublous times? In striking contrast to the hopelessness of modern prophets, these advocates of stoical cynicism, He said: "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

On the one hand you have Wells' gloomy prophecy of fearfulness, defeat and despair; on the other hand, Christ's radiant message of hope and salvation. The difference is a difference of faith—our Lord's unshaken faith that the future is in God's hands and that if our trust is stayed on Him we may build with confidence and hope.

* * *

As we humbly seek the Divine guidance and blessing, with renewed courage and faith we will face the task of rebuilding a shattered world, in the firm conviction that failure and despair are not to be the inevitable end of man, but with uplifted heads and hopeful hearts we shall labor and pray for the coming of that glad day when all the kingdoms of the world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever.

BITETH LIKE A *Serpent*

By ROSS L. HOLMAN

NOT LONG ago I attended a lecture given by a man who for many years had been one of the country's most beloved preachers—and one of its hardest drinkers. What made his story more astounding was the fact that he took up drinking after he had entered the ministry and had climbed to one of the highest and most renowned pastorates in the gift of his church.

The pulpit he then filled paid him \$10,000 a year. At the time all this happened he hated liquor, even as you and I. He was doing a splendid work in his community, saving numerous souls, and building for himself a host of friends who admired his Christian personality and loved him like a brother. But the exacting demands of his position wore him down. He had a physical collapse, and during his confinement organic complications set in. The course of treatment prescribed by his physician included a few ounces of whiskey to be taken at intervals until he showed enough improvement to dispense with it.

The physician, of course, prescribed the remedy as a medicine, just as he would have administered morphine in intense suffering, and he did it with the best of intentions. But either the taste or the effect of whiskey got a stranglehold on the minister. He was soon in the grip of a habit which overwhelmed his will-power, and in time he discovered he was what is known as an alcoholic.

He kept the matter from his congregation as long as he could, but he found himself slipping so fast it was only a question of time. He resigned his pastorate and took up work outside the ministry. He lost position after position, and soon found himself as deep in the gutter as a drinker could descend. He would have a sober period of three or four months' duration, then collapse again.

Finally, after placing himself in the hands of the organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous, he recovered his sobriety on what he believed to be a permanent basis and rebuilt the respect he had lost. He now holds another high pastorate in a different city and the story of his life-and-death struggle with alcohol is one of his most effective Gospel messages.

Perhaps this is an extreme example. You know hundreds of "moderate" drinkers who seem to have perfect control of their drinking habit, with no visible effect on their business efficiency or social standing. But the fact that liquor can make such a complete wreck out of such a fine specimen as this minister is an indictment hard to ignore.

ACCORDING to the best statistics available, there are in this country about 750,000 "alcoholics," 3,000,000 heavy drinkers who get drunk, and 38,000,000 moderate drinkers of varying degrees of indulgence. This classification is somewhat confused by the fact that it is hard to tell where one class leaves off and the other begins. Where do you draw the line between moderate drinking and heavy drinking? When is a person intoxicated and when does a heavy drinker graduate into that worst type of indulgence known as the alcoholic? An alcoholic is one who can't stop drinking after he has had a drink.

The chief controversy centers around the moderate drinker. No one rushes to the defense of the man or woman "who doesn't know when to quit," not even the liquor-seller himself. But there is a difference of opinion about whether moderate drinking is physically harmful. Some people see evil in the heavier form of moderate drinking and none in the lighter form. For more enlightenment on this subject, let us examine some of the reports of researching doctors.

To begin with, I am unable to find a single medical scientist who claims that any physical benefit derives from the use of beverage alcohol in any amount. The chief consolation drinkers can get from any of these authorities is how

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There will be 40,000 persons killed, a million injured, in traffic accidents this year—many of them by drinking drivers.



INDUSTRIAL *Chaplain*

Modern as the Atomic Age is the calling of Anthony Monteiro; his church is a factory and his congregation punch time-clocks . . .

By GEORGE WENDELL JUNG

THE old-time circuit-riding preacher who brought the word of God into the backwoods and the hinterlands has suddenly found a 1947 counterpart in fellows like Anthony Monteiro of Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Monteiro rides no horse, doesn't even know how. He rides a bus, sometimes a trolley car. He doesn't pick his way through woodlands. He walks paved streets and the earth floors of foundries and the concrete aisles of machine shops. He preaches from no rough-hewn platform in a log-cabin church. His churches are the black-and-gray steel-girdered work rooms of manufacturing plants and the hot and dusty

pouring rooms of great foundries.

But there are points in common, too. Like the old circuit-rider, Monteiro and his fellows in the relatively new branch of the clergy known as the "industrial chaplaincy" visit the sick. He looks up the old and the infirm in the wilderness of big cities. And, like the circuit-rider, his object in life is that of bringing Christianity to those who cannot—or do not—go after it.

Considering the case of this new calling, the industrial chaplaincy, one may take note first of some general conclusions possible even this early in a brand new field of home missionary work.

First, the percentage of workers who

regularly attend the industrial chaplain's worship services in their factories is phenomenally high. Remember, they are not compelled to attend.

Second, there have been many cases of workers returning after long absences to regular attendance in their own churches as a direct result of the industrial chaplain's preaching. Since the industrial chaplain conducts a non-denominational service, gives no "sales talks" for the church that pays his salary, his work benefits all Christian churches.

Third, by testimony of both management and unions in factories served by the chaplaincy—and by the plain evi-

dence of peaceful relations—there has been a sharp increase in employer-employee harmony wherever the chaplaincy has reached.

Because he qualifies as one of the real pioneers among industrial chaplains, and because he holds forth with his "circuit" in the "tough" New York and New Jersey metropolitan industrial area where labor trouble is on the increase and church membership in many areas is on the decrease, the Rev. Anthony Monteiro is as good a study in the typical industrial chaplain as you could find anywhere.

The very latest milestone in Monteiro's career is his brand-new appointment to the faculty of his alma mater, Bloomfield Theological Seminary, in his home town.

At the Bloomfield institution, Monteiro will be one of three faculty members in a brand-new "Department of Human Relations." As such, he will conduct what is probably the nation's first formalized seminary course in his own specialty: the Industrial Chaplaincy. Since Monteiro's two colleagues in the new seminary department fit into the same scheme of applying the Gospel to practical everyday problems of human relations, it is pertinent to mention their courses. One is "Group Relations and Group Antagonism," and is concerned with the causes and cures for race prejudice. The other is a course in "Organized Labor," and deals with the growth of the labor movement.

In Bloomfield Theological Seminary's newly-published catalog of courses is a description of the course in Industrial Chaplaincy which may shed further light on the new field:

"The purpose of this course is to prepare ministers and lay Christian workers, missionaries and union leaders of the future for a better understanding of the whole industrial and religious problem that faces America today. The course will present the story of religion in industry, indicate proper methods of approach to management and labor, and demonstrate by actual work in the factory the possible solutions of problems in the field of human relations."

In talking about the course, the seminary staff are in the habit of emphasizing the phrase "actual work in the factory." To Anthony Monteiro, this is a first essential. In his own case, he was a factory worker long before he became a minister.

THE Monteiro story began in a New England cotton mill, where this industrial-chaplain-to-be started out as a boy factory worker, helping to round out the family income. Young Anthony liked industrial work, and toiled hard at it. By the time World War II began, with its unprecedented demands upon

all industrial workers everywhere, Monteiro was in his thirties, with a family to support and a job as pattern clerk in the Barnett Foundry and Machine Company, Irvington, N. J.

As the demands of war grew more and more pressing, Monteiro and his fellow-workers worked longer and longer hours, and one day a notice appeared on the bulletin board: "WORK EVERY OTHER SUNDAY."

Monteiro called on the company management. The boss had always been friendly; indeed, this was a plant in which the owner could walk through the aisles and call every man by his first name.

"I'm afraid," said the budding industrial chaplain—even then, without knowing it, he was taking the first step upon his new career—"that the men will not get to church at all now. One Sunday they must work; on the other, they will want to rest. Will you let me hold services in the plant on the work Sundays?"

The Barnett Company's management had known for a long time of Monteiro's suppressed desire to be a minister. They

knew that he had been attending classes at nearby Bloomfield Theological Seminary. At first it had been an interesting spectacle: this husky, broad-shouldered worker who spoke like a worker and had a union card in his pocket, yet was studying in his spare time for the ministry. Then it became more than a spectacle—it was just possible, admitted management, that "Monteiro might have something there."

THEY let him conduct his Sunday services. The first altar was a box. The first cross was two sticks nailed together. The pews were planks, a milling machine, a planing machine—and the bare floor. The services were simple. There was a simple prayer, reading from the Bible, reference to the sick or injured who could not attend—with the names of boss and worker intermingled indiscriminately in these announcements.

This unofficial, unordained minister with a factory for a church went on preaching through those busy war weeks of 1942, kept seeing more and
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Monteiro preaching behind the pulpit created by his machine-shop parishioners.



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

Monday, September 1

READ JOHN 6:48

*Labor is life, 'tis the still water faileth;
satiety ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound or the dark rust
assailleth.* —ANON

"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE." This is Labor Day generally celebrated all over the nation, and that is well. Most labor is carried on to earn bread to eat and that is why I selected this text today, remembering Edwin Markham's: "Three things are needed to make life's perfect good: bread, beauty and brotherhood." This is the thought I want us to ponder in our meditation this morning. Life is not complete with only "bread," the first fruits of labor. It must also have beauty and brotherhood.

Dear Father of the human family, we thank Thee that in the prayer that Jesus gave us to pray, He had thought for the physical basis of life and said, "Give us this day our daily bread." Amen.

Tuesday, September 2

READ JOHN 11:25

*Christ the Lord is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say.*

—JOHN WESLEY

"I AM THE RESURRECTION and the Life." I am using this theme and this text intentionally today so that we may remember in September, far from Easter, that Christ is still risen. It may be Easter in our hearts even though we are approaching the fall of the year and the sere days are upon us. Even the glorious crimson and golden leaves will soon have a glory all their own, reminding us of the glory of the Resurrection dawning. "Memory was given us that we might have red roses in December," and that we might have the spirit of the Resurrection in September—still.

Dear God of all the seasons of the year, we thank Thee that in our hearts, either in fall or winter, it may still be a time of resurrection and hope. Amen.

Wednesday, September 3

READ JOHN 8:12

*Light is the laughter of God's love;
Light cometh from the heavens above.*

—ROSALIND MILLER

"I AM THE LIGHT of the world." It was Emerson who echoed this text

when he said so beautifully: "And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul but that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay."

Dear God of all light; Thou who didst create the world with Thy grand fiat: "Let there be LIGHT!", we thank Thee that we are creatures of light, and love to live in its refulgent rays. Amen.

Thursday, September 4

READ JOHN 10:11

*I am a shepherd of the sheep;
I will tend, and love and keep.*

—ANGELA MORGAN

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

There is no figure of speech used to describe God and Christ in the Bible more often than the figure of a shepherd. In "The Herdsman," written by Mrs. Wilson, there is the most beautiful picture of what a real shepherd of the sheep really was and is that I have ever read. It is the story of Amos, a shepherd boy, who saw a lion drag one of his sheep into a cave and boldly went in after the lion to rescue that sheep. I have never read such a vivid description of a bloody battle for a lost sheep as that book gives us; when you finish it you feel that, at long last, you know what a shepherd was in Biblical days.

Dear God of all human sheep, we thank Thee that Thou art our Good Shepherd and that Thou art standing "back amid the shadows keeping watch above Thine own." Amen.

Friday, September 5

READ JOHN 12:21

*My one great dream that I may see
The blessed Christ of Calvary.*

—HELEN JONES

"SIR, WE WOULD SEE JESUS!" That is the wistful, lonely, hungry, almost pathetic cry of the world's weary heart. I heard a radio star say in Radio City when we were talking about the scientific fact that the human voice never dies and that all the great voices of history are still vibrating through space: "I would rather hear the gentle voice of Jesus than anything in human life."

He was saying in another way: "Sir, we would see Jesus!" This hour of worship is for that purpose; that we who pause for meditation each day might see Him with our spiritual eyes.

Dear God of Christ, and hope of humanity: "We would SEE Jesus" this morning in our devotions. Amen.

Saturday, September 6

READ JOHN 18:1

*Who loves a garden loves his God;
Who walks it is on sacred sod.*

—ANGELA MORGAN

"WHERE WAS a garden," is the phrase I want to use for our devotions this morning. Jesus walked with His disciples along the brook Cedron, "where was a garden." Perhaps my fellow worshippers will say, "But September is not a garden time." And I would reply that September is the most beautiful garden time of all the year, for the fall flowers of crimson, yellow and flaming pink reign rampant in fall gardens; and the autumnal foliage has "the glory that the wood receives at sunset in its brazen leaves."

Dear Christ of all the seasons, we thank Thee that we, Thy disciples, may walk with Thee in the autumnal garden of reverence and worship at this season of the year. Amen.

Sunday, September 7

READ MATTHEW 27:36

*They watch Him with a wistful eye
This Christ of Love who passeth by.*

—EDWIN MARKHAM

"AND, SITTING DOWN, they watched Him." I like that picture. I have seen a mother sitting silently by the bedside of a sick child watching it with tenderness and love. In the great Rembrandt painting we see the old doctor sitting by a boy's bedside watching him intently, and tenderly. I have looked at a class of students sitting in a school-room intently watching the expressive features of a truly great teacher. I have seen a small child sitting in her playpen, watching every move of her mother, with curiosity, tenderness and affection. That is what we are doing this morning, "and, sitting down, they watched Him."

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The WURLITZER ORGAN
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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 46)

Dear Master of our minds and hearts, we watch Thine every move and gesture with a wistful eye and heart, yearning to learn Thy way and Thy will.

Monday, September 8

READ LUKE 9:18-26

*They that so much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky.*
—CREECH

"LET HIM deny himself." Our text and our theme this morning say the same thing differently, each affirmatively; and the heart of each is the willingness to deny oneself. In the ultimate test self-denial is, perhaps, the final test of a Christian's spirit. You find it in a mother: "Oh, Mother, when I think of thee, 'tis but a step to Calvary." The willingness to give up things for others—that is the spirit of Jesus; "and greater love hath no man than this: that he is willing to lay down his life for his friend."

Dear Christ of all sacrificial love, we thank Thee that Thou hast set such a high standard for us; and we accept that challenge this morning, and go forth this day to practice the spirit of self-denial that we may become disciples of Thine. Amen.

Tuesday, September 9

READ I CORINTHIANS 15:53

*Sin is death, and hurt and stealth;
Christ is faith and hope, and health.*
—SARA MCKINNON

"FOR THIS CORRUPTIBLE must put on incorruption." I always like the note of health, clean blood, firm flesh and lightened eyes that there was and still is in the spirit of Jesus. He was always curing the physical ailments of people in His day. That power is still there, and I think it was intended that we use it. If we, in the Church, had used it, there would not be so many fake nostrums as have sprung up in religion in recent years. Christ Himself meant that religion should bring vitality, health, and incorruption to humanity.

Dear Christ of the curative powers in human life, we are grateful to Thee that Thou dost pour forth Thy purity, Thy health-giving vitality, Thy love into and through us. Amen.

Wednesday, September 10

READ MARK 16:6

*He has risen from this tomb,
Conquered night and death and doom!*
—SERENA OLDHAM

MY STUDENT, Chaplain Amos Boren, brought me a good story from France. La Tour d'Auvergne was called by Napoleon "the first grenadier of France." At his death in battle his heart was

sealed in a silver urn and now rests beneath the same roof with Napoleon in Paris, where also lie the remains of Foch and Joffre. He has received many honors but none greater than that given by his old regiment, the 46th Grenadiers. At every parade of the colors, his name is called and the oldest sergeant answers: "Died on the field of honor!" So the Christian world after more than two thousand years, whenever the name of Jesus is mentioned, cries out: "Died on the field of honor."

Dear Christ of the conquest of the Cross, we thank Thee that thou didst give Thyself for us that we too might conquer and still live on, immortally! Amen.

Thursday, September 11

READ JOB 14:14

"IF A MAN DIE shall he live again?" That has been the immortal and universal question from the days of Job to John, and on down to our own day. This is especially true after great wars, such as we have just had, when so many boys lie in the soil of Europe and Asia and the Pacific islands. And that thought also occurs to us in these fall days of September as we approach the winter solstice. Of course, the answer is that all of us know that the question, "If a year die shall it live again?" is the same as the question of our text. We know that the year shall live again and we know that the soul shall live again in the spring of eternity through Christ.

Dear Christ of all new life and hope, we thank Thee that we know the answer to the eternal question: "If a man die shall he live again?" Amen.

Friday, September 12

READ II TIMOTHY 1:10

"AND HATH BROUGHT life and immortality to light." Light, life and immortality—these three words which reign in this text and theme seem to be somewhat synonymous. Such a mood as I find in Frances McKinnon Moron's poem: "Like the stars of God that wake in me A deeper reverence for divinity; For Him who marks the skyways of the night And is Himself the source of life and light. I need the vast expanse of vaulted skies, Its stars that urge me to lift up my eyes, Just as I need the thought of heavenly things To make my earth-bound spirit stir its wings."

Dear Father of all light, life and immortality, we thank Thee that in Christ we find all three. Amen.

Saturday, September 13

READ I CORINTHIANS 15:54

"DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP in victory." Sir Ernest Shackleton, when asked to relate his most terrible moment

in exploration, said that it was on one of his expeditions when he was held up by bad weather, many miles from his base. The men were dozing in an emergency hut, exhausted and conscious that the food was nearly gone. Sir Ernest, lying awake, noticed one of his friends edging near to one of the sleeping men and, to his horror, saw him take the other's biscuit bag. Shackleton felt a shock of disappointment. Then he saw his friend gently break one of his own biscuits in two and place one-half of it in the other's food bag. His soul sang with joy and victory, for what he thought was to be a tragedy and a defeat of a man's soul turned out to be a moral victory and "death was swallowed up in victory."

Dear Christ, Thou who didst win a victory over death on the Cross, teach us that we, also, may win many a victory over sin through Thy love. Amen.

Sunday, September 14

READ II PETER 3:8

"THAT ONE DAY is with the Lord as a thousand years." My friend, Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, to illustrate what slaves we all are to time, tells of a church he knows in Detroit that has a big clock, ticking away in plain view of the preacher. On that clock is inscribed in large letters: PREACH NO MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR! Then adds Dr. Jones, "To be sure, one can say a lot in half an hour, but the story is an illustration of how time-conscious we are in America, when the Christian is reminded that he has all eternity to grow a soul in."

Dear timeless God, Thou Father of eternity, we thank Thee that "our habitation is eternity" and that we have no truck with time. Amen.

Monday, September 15

READ LUKE 24:45, 46

*Then opened He their minds to see
The wonders of eternity.*

—ELIZABETH ROBERTS

"THEN OPENED HE their understanding." Dwight L. Moody used to tell a story of snake worship in India; of how he read of a mother who watched a deadly snake come into her home and coil itself around her child. Yet she did nothing about it, for the snake was sacred. His soul revolted. Then he added, "But it seems to me that it was just a misunderstanding on the part of that mother as to the heavenly Father's will. If her mind had been opened to a true understanding of Christ's attitude toward little children—He who said, "of such is my kingdom"—she would have killed that snake and saved her child, for a child is more sacred than a snake."

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CHURCH ON QUAKER HILL

(Continued from page 25)

church should meet there with regularity. He further specified, in keeping with the Quaker tradition, that no collections should be made during the services. (This in no way explains our large congregations, because we have a box on the wall of the vestibule where those who so desire may place their offering!)

The minister is the Reverend Ralph Conover Lankler, D.D., who has been preaching for us, during the summer, for the past twelve years. The remainder of the year he is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cortland. During the week the "dignified dominie" doffs his robes of divinity and coaches baseball, conducts community activities, and plays golf with his parishioners. He and his wife conduct a school of religious education every Sunday prior to the morning service. The building used for this purpose is a "converted" bowling alley back of Akin Hall where, instead of knocking down tenpins, the Ten Commandments are knocked into the heads of our children.

The call to worship is heralded by the ringing of a bell bought from a little denominational church in Massachusetts that discontinued its services in order to become part of a larger federated church. The bell is a symbol of the desire for inter-denominational activity that our church represents and seeks to promote. We have in our congregation every branch of Christendom, and at times, Jews, Buddhists, Moslems.

We of the laity help as we are able in the conducting of the services of the church. The bell-ringer is an executive of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. At the console of the organ, purchased with proceeds from baseball games played by "The Nine Old Men," is the vice-president of the Bowery Savings Bank. Our ushers are executives in the merchandising and advertising fields. We have no choir, but occasionally one of the residents of the Hill will have a guest with operatic talent who will contribute his services.

Akin Hall is the one place where all of the people who live on the Hill meet—rich and poor, young and old, city executive and farmer. Here is where you will find the Governor of our state, who with his family seldom misses a service of the church, enjoying personal association without thinking of his official position.

We know that if life in our community is enjoyable to us it is because we have centered it around the church. We are striving to do in our generation what Cyrus Swan said when Akin Hall was dedicated in 1881:

*We kindle a new light upon the Hill
Midway between the valley and the stars.*



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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 48)

Dear God of all wisdom, truth and understanding, we pray Thee this day to open our understanding that we may know the difference between true and false beliefs. Amen.

Tuesday, September 16

READ ACTS 16:31

*This is my prayer; I make it brief—
"Dear Lord help Thou my unbelief!"*

—OLIN CLARKE JONES

"BELIEVE IN the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The Bay of Fundy is an awe-inspiring place as I discovered when I visited it a year ago. The tide runs higher than in any other known spot on earth—sometimes more than fifty feet. Watching it as it comes rushing in with the sound of an express train, and the mighty power of ten thousand atomic bombs pouring in through "the bore," over the banks, conquering the rocks, it is as if one stood in the very presence of God's power itself. As I stood there one day I heard a man say, "One simply has to believe in the power of God and His eternal laws, as he watches this spectacle!"

Dear God of all prophecy and power, Thou everlasting Presence, "help Thou my unbelief." Amen.

Wednesday, September 17

READ JOHN 2:25

*Man is born of the eternal
Headed for the great supernal.*

—ANGELA MORGAN

I NEVER REALIZED what those two lines meant until I read our text of this morning: "He knew what was in man." That means that Jesus saw in the humblest human being a touch of God, a human being who was made "a little lower than the angels and crowned with life everlasting." Which means that we have a right to look upon our souls as something high and holy in God's sight, something worth nurturing and cultivating as we try to do in these meditations each day, what Jesus saw in every man He touched: the image of God.

Dear Christ of the deeper insights, we thank Thee that Thou didst know what was in us, what eternal possibilities we had—enough to die for us.

Thursday, September 18

READ PSALM 46:10

"BE STILL AND KNOW that I am God." If you want the Martin Luther version it reads, "Be silent before God and let Him mould you." Personally, I like the Martin Luther version better than the King James version. But in either case we all know what the Psalmist meant. He meant that we should

learn to listen in this noisy, turbulent age of confusion. Listening is a great spiritual art. This meditation hour is a spiritual listening post for Christians.

Dear God of the silent places, we thank Thee that Thou has promised that if we shall be silent and listen to Thee that Thou wilt guide, direct and mould us. Amen.

Friday, September 19

READ PSALM 90:12

*Wisdom is the way of God
In sky and earth and sea and sod.*

—MARKHAM

"THAT WE MAY APPLY our hearts unto wisdom." And what, my friends, is the wisdom of God? The answer is that it is LOVE, such love as is expressed for us by Ethel Romig Fuller: "If we practice love until love has banished every ill, love of law and love of labor, love of neighbor for a neighbor, if we all live for no other reason than to help a brother, nation soon will turn to nation in the friendliest relation. War shall then forever cease, and the whole world be at peace; Thou the Father's wisdom speaks, from the highest mountain peaks."

Dear Father, teach us Thy love and Thy wisdom that we may live wisely and kindly with each other. Amen.

Saturday, September 20

READ PSALM 42:11

*As through this darkening world I grope
God and Christ become my hope.*

—MARKHAM

"HOPE THOU IN GOD!" Perhaps the most universally known quotation on hope is from a writer whose name rhymes with that word—Pope, and this is it: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Then Walter Savage Landor took a step forward in explaining how that fact could be when he said, "Hope is the mother of faith!" But the best expression of the type of hope we are talking about in the meditation and this text, was expressed by Carlyle describing the death of John Knox: "Hast Thou hope? they asked of John Knox when he lay dying. He spoke nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upward, and so died."

Dear God of our visions, dreams and hopes, we thank Thee that when all else fails we can still "Hope thou in God!" Amen.

Sunday, September 21

READ EPHESIANS 5:16

*Come what, come may,
Time and the hour run through the
roughest day.*

—SHAKESPEARE

"REDEEMING THE TIME" is our theme for this morning, for time is so

much precious gold and silver, if we but knew. "Time is itself a restless dream; A swallow's flight across a stream. Dawn dims the splendor of the moon; The dusk of evening nudges noon; A flash, a flame, a flickering; The flutter of a weary wing; a pitcher broken at the well; A whispered word, a muffled bell; And yet the gods are good to me, Love lives through all eternity."

Our dear God of time and eternity, teach us to redeem every minute, hour, day, week, month and year of our lives by loving in Thy name. Amen.

Monday, September 22

READ PSALM 15:1

*O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee.*

—COXE

"LORD, WHO SHALL ABIDE in Thy tabernacle, who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" The answer to those two questions I recently found in a stray clipping from Charlotte Cushman: "To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry. When He formed it, that was sculpture. When He varied it and colored it, that was painting in a masterful fashion. Then when He crowned it all by peopling it with living human beings, that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama." My idea is that someone who could conceive of a beautiful symbolism like that is one of those creative souls who have a right to abide in the tabernacle of God and to dwell on His holy hill.

Dear Father of all beauties, wonder and idealisms, teach us to use our imaginations so that we may have a right to dwell with Thee in Thy holy hill. Amen.

Tuesday, September 23

READ PSALM 72:7

"IN HIS DAY shall the righteous flourish, so long as the moon endureth." Both these quotations, the poem and the text, use a striking symbolism to show that "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever"; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever!" There is an everlastingness in our religion and we are conscious of that as we meditate this morning.

Dear Father of all time and eternity, we come to Thee this day conscious that we have all of the everlasting years to perfect our souls in Thee. Amen.

Wednesday, September 24

READ PSALM 66:13, 14

"I WILL PAY Thee my vows." Let our vows this day be that we shall touch as many lives for good as we can reach; let us go about doing good as
(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 50)

Jesus did in His day on this earth. That is a high and holy vow for anybody to take.

Dear God of all love and kindness, help us this morning to take unto ourselves the high and wholesome vow that we shall meet each human being we see today with the Christlike look, the Christlike touch. Amen.

Thursday, September 25

READ DANIEL 6:10

"HIS WINDOWS being open toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times and prayed." Hilda Ives, a woman preacher in New England, told me about a poor woman's home which burned one night and Mrs. Ives immediately raised money enough to buy her a new home. There was a little money left over, so she asked the woman what she wanted most of all in her new home. That old woman answered, "I want a window over my sink looking out on the mountains, so I can watch the clouds, skies and sunsets while I wash the dishes. I want a window on the mountains, please."

Dear Father of the far horizons and the wide visions, give us wide windows for our souls in this life. Amen.

Friday, September 26

READ PSALM 37:5

"COMMIT THY WAY unto the Lord; trust also in Him," is the good text for this morning, and our poetic theme expresses what real faith in the right can be. Now add to these two expressions of faith the poem by Henry Victor Morgan, "Have Faith in God," and we have a solid, substantial platform on which to stand today for our devotions: "Have faith in God! His love enfolds; No sparrow falls but He beholds: No task too hard, no need too small, For Him whose love embraceth all."

Dear Father of the faith sublime, we thank Thee that we may go forth this day confidently and with assurance because through this meditation hour we have committed our ways unto Thee.

Saturday, September 27

READ JOHN 15:4

"EXCEPT YE ABIDE IN ME." This text is about the branch of a fruit tree that cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine. The theme talks about the sheep following the shepherd, implying that unless they abide in Him there is no safety for them. The French composer, Saint-Saens, wrote glorious melodies for the harp. But any harp, no matter how precious it may be or how expensive, is soundless and helpless until it is touched by a harpist's hands; and so is the music that Saint-Saens wrote until it is put into the hands and

heart of a harpist. So must we abide in Christ if we expect to get sweet music out of our lives.

Dear God of all beautiful and spiritual things, we would abide in Thee; and allow ourselves to be spiritual harps open always to the touch of Thy hands.

Sunday, September 28

READ JOHN 4:10

"AND HE WOULD HAVE given thee living water." Water is one of the basic essentials of human life, just as Christ's living water is one of the basic essentials of spiritual life. It was well interpreted by Mrs. Oakes Smith: "How beautiful all water is! To me 'tis wondrous fair. No spot can ever lonely be. If water sparkle there; It hath a thousand tongues of mirth, Of grandeur or delight, And every heart is gladder made, When water greets the sight."

Dear Father of all the great and glorious fountains, rivers, lakes and clouds of spiritual water, we thank Thee that we have learned in these meditation to drink of Thy living water.

Monday, September 29

READ JOHN 9:25

"ONE THING I KNOW, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." That was because the blind man had faith in Christ's power to give him sight. Faith is the primary essential of all healing and of all happiness. Faith such as is expressed in Ann Buell Stark's poem, "I Will Have Faith": "Why should I doubt the Father's loving care? The sun by day, the moon and stars at night Eternally are kept upon their course, And every bird is guided in its flight. Should we, His children in His image made, Be less to Him than budding flower or tree That grow serenely, trusting to His care? I know my Father will provide for me."

Dear God of all the loving laws of the universe and of all kindly care, we thank Thee that we may rest our souls in faith in Thee and Thy love for us.

Tuesday, September 30

READ EPHESIANS 5:2

"WALK IN LOVE!" is the suggestion of both our text and our theme; and it is a good way to walk. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are walking, and moving, and living our daily lives." Lowell always felt the same way and once he said it in this way: "Rise, you who are wise, and walk toward the skies!" To us who have a part in this worship each day, that means toward the sunrise of Christ's love and light.

Dear God of all love and delight, we thank Thee that we know how to "walk in love" day by day. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 8)

when we spend dollars on ourselves and dimes or quarters for Christian service. We are not our own, but Christ's. When we begin there we will know the joy of earning, spending and giving as Christians.

Questions:

What is the moral effect of the large and extravagant prizes given away through newspaper, magazine and radio advertising? What ought Christians to do about the gambling craze that is loose in the world today?

Should a Christian provide for old age and for the care of his family after he can no longer earn? Is there need for emphasis on old-fashioned thrift in American life today? What is the relation between financial solvency and Christian stewardship?

• Sunday, September 14th

CULTIVATING GOOD WILL

PROVERBS 3:30, 31, 15:1, 18, 22:24, 25, 25:18, 21, 22, 26:20, 21; MATTHEW 5:9; JAMES 3:17

"IF HE is a Christian, give me a first-class heathen!" That was the exclamation of a friend after being subjected to a tirade by an ill-tempered neighbor. There are a good many reasons why a Christian should be a cultivator of good will. The most important is that Christ depends on Christians to win their neighbors to Him. You cannot go about with a chip on your shoulder and win others.

Solomon gives more general reasons for cultivating a peaceful disposition. They are not uniquely Christian reasons. The world would admit that cultivating good will pays dividends. Ill temper stirs trouble. Quick-blazing wrath kindles fires in which the wrathful themselves may be burned. He likens a quarrelsome fellow to a bellows blowing hot coals into a flaming fire. We can afford to be sorry for those whose tempers are "hair-trigger." They create their own troubles.

Solomon goes far beyond the ethics of his times in Proverbs 25:21, 22. Here he advises good will toward enemies. Paul quotes this proverb in Romans 12:20. The way of forgiveness is the way of peace. Neighbors and nations who nurse suspicions and resentments easily fall into strife and war. It is in the minds of men that wars begin. Any prejudice against others opens us to the propaganda planned and promoted by those who believe strife will be to their advantage. Press and radio and all means of communication fan the flames of dislike into hate. Idle gossip performs the same task in our neighborhoods. We forget that those we think are our enemies are usually folks just like we are. If we would seek to find some way in which to do our enemies a favor we might discover that they

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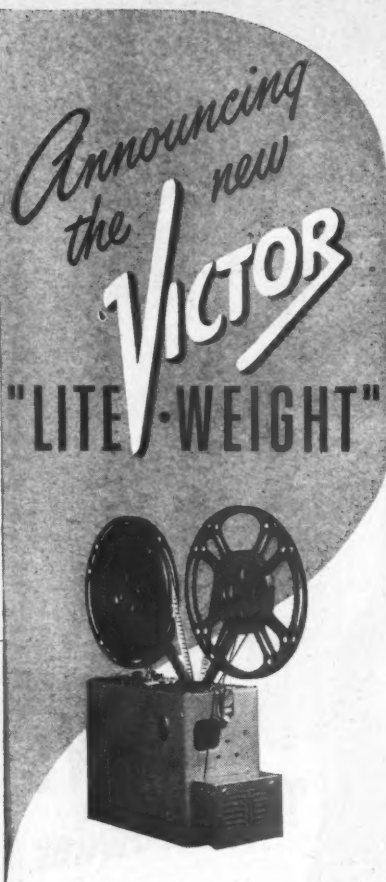
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"SONS OF GOD" was Jesus' description of peacemakers. After all, our relations with others ought not to be built on self-interest alone. Christian social relations stem from relationship to God, revealed through Jesus Christ. We are all one family. We are brothers and sisters in Christ. Many of us do not practice this relationship because we have never realized that we are sons of God. When we think of all God has done for us, it seems pretty small for us to hold ill will toward others of God's children.

We need and receive a lot of forgiveness from God, all of us. With all our privileges and blessings we must pray daily "Forgive us our debts." How about the phrase that follows, "as we forgive"? That two-letter word "as" has mighty implications. Our soul's peace with God is tied to peaceful relations with others. If we are fully forgiven our sins, the joy in our hearts will fill them so full that there can be no room left for ill feeling toward others. God's good will toward us is the supreme motive for cultivating the spirit of good will to all—the members of our own family, our neighbors, other classes, races and nations.

Questions:

"Man grows in civilization just in proportion as he grows in disposition and power to trust in moral forces."—Philip S. Moxom. Do you believe this? How far does American foreign policy depend on moral rather than physical and economic forces?

What is the result in our own characters when we indulge in ill will toward others? Does revenge ever bring real satisfaction? Is it true that outbursts of temper are like the opening of a safety-valve, preventing an explosion? Or is ill will the enemy of all that is good and Christlike in the human heart?

• Sunday, September 21st

THE ESSENCE OF GOODNESS

PROVERBS 4:23, 6:16-19, 9:10, 14:34, 15:1, 16:18, 21:3, 22:1, 27:1, 28:1, 29:8; JAMES 4:17

WITH this lesson we conclude our study of Proverbs. It is a practical book, a guide for a good, wholesome, satisfying life. It presents God's will for our living in a different way than the "thou shalt's" and "thou shalt not's" of the Ten Commandments. Proverbs does not say "Thus saith the Lord." It speaks from the experience of one who has tested God's commandments and found them workable. In simple, direct and pictorial language Proverbs

teaches that God's way of life is the best way. Unlike most of the Old Testament, Proverbs is not dated history. Each proverb is timeless in its application to life. There is some color and it helps to understand some of the proverbs when we remember that they came from the time of Solomon. Yet this book could be taken out of its setting in the Bible and read with interest and understanding by the people of any age.

Under the title "The Essence of Goodness," verses have been selected from eleven different chapters. They are samples of the almost infinite variety of subjects treated by the wise men of Israel. They show how timeless is God's wisdom and how wide its application to the practical problems of life. Subjects treated include righteousness, Godly fear, morality, self-control, faith, tithes, stewardship of wealth, charity, kindness to enemies, mastery of the tongue, choice of friends, training of children, industry, thrift, honesty, contentment, cheerfulness, common sense. Someone has called Proverbs, "the best guide book to success that a young man can follow." We should extend that to cover all ages.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS clearly teaches that wisdom pays. It applies common sense to the way of life. It is a popular textbook in ethics. It does not disregard the essence of this good life that it describes. The key thought of the wise men is found in Proverbs 9:10: "The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding." The same thought is carried in many other verses as in Proverbs 1:7. We need something more than a map of the way of life, something more than a description of the difficulties and perils before the pilgrim's progress. Our greatest problem is not to know how we ought to live, nor are we made strong for good living by seeing clearly the self-defeat in sin and the reward in righteousness. To know the right is one thing, to do the right is "something else again."

Ethics is not enough. It is Christian ethics that we need. It is right living that stems from right relations with God through Christ. True wisdom is not knowledge alone, but knowledge plus spiritual power. "The Essence of Goodness" flows from the good God to whom we have surrendered our hearts.

Questions:

What does the Bible teach with regard to obedience and sacrifice? Read Proverbs 21:3; Samuel 15; Matthew 9:10-13, 12:1-7. What are the values and dangers in forms of worship? Are they also found in forms of morality?

What do you think of the definition of sin given in James 4:17? How does it help us discover "The Essence of Goodness"? Ruskin wrote, "Every duty

we omit obscures some truth we should have known." Discuss.

• Sunday, September 28th

TESTING PHILOSOPHIES

ECCLESIASTES 1:2, 17, 2:1, 11, 24,
12:1-8, 13-14

IF the book of Proverbs gives the green light along the Pilgrim Way, the book of Ecclesiastes flashes the red. It offers the warnings of an old man who has tried all the roads through life and found them ending in blind alleys. Whether written by Solomon, or about Solomon by one who knew his life intimately, makes little difference. The purpose of the book is to show the disillusionment of the Solomon way of life.

A philosophy of life answers the question "Why?" Why do I live as I do? If I can answer that question I have the definition of my philosophy. Living is seated in motives. Solomon did not trust the Lord with all his heart. He did lean on his own understanding. So he tried out various ways of living in the hope that one of them would bring satisfaction. Too late he concluded that the key for a useful and happy life was to "fear God and keep His commandments."

In both the authorized and revised versions, the conclusion of this verse reads: "for this is the whole duty of man." The word *duty* does not appear in the original and seems to weaken the whole verse. Solomon's conclusion should read: "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole of man." This is the philosophy of life that Solomon commends.

In the light of Christ Paul offers the same conclusion, "For me to live is Christ." Satisfying life is rooted in God. "He is all in all, or not at all."

Criticizing a popular editor of a former generation whose writings were soon forgotten, someone said, "He only squinted at life." That was Solomon's trouble. He caught only a glimpse of one thing at a time and never saw life as a whole, centering in God. So he dipped and dabbled at this and that, tasting here and sipping there, and never satisfying his hunger. He was rich and famous and could do exactly as he wanted.

THIS IS THE PERIL of prosperity. Instead of accepting the disciplines of God's commandments, he had to try for himself. It was not a lack of knowing God's commandments, it was the will to accept no warning until he had experimented personally with sin. How constantly we can see this same fatal mistake in the lives of young and old! Uncounted multitudes, like Solomon, learn too late that "all is vanity."

Note some of the experiments Solomon made as revealed in our lesson. He tried intellectual pursuits, pleasure, labor with his hands, fatalism, indiffer-

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ence, materialism and indeed nearly all the philosophies of life the world has ever recommended. At the end there was death to face and the sense of futility overpowered him. He tried life as though it were all to be found "under the sun." He discovered that there was more to life than he had thought.

Beyond the universe he knew, beyond the sun that lighted and warmed it, was God. How differently he would have lived if he had taken Him into the center of his life plans! His father, David, made many mistakes in his long life. But from beginning to end, he was aware of God. It was the weakness of the flesh that drew David into sin, not the deliberate acceptance of a philosophy of secularism. Whether written in youth or old age, David's creed never changed: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

What shall we learn from this little studied book of Ecclesiastes? It is as up-to-date as 1947. Thousands of young people are playing with material philosophies of life. They are trying

all the ways of Solomon in the hope of finding satisfaction. Before it is too late may they discover the vanity of life without Christ! May they accept the testimony of all valid experience that Christ's way is the only happy way of life!

Above all, may they hear receptively the voice of Jesus, speaking down through the centuries: "This is life eternal, that they should know Thee the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ!"

Questions:

What do you think of Solomon's experiment in compromise as described in Ecclesiastes 7:15-18? Note the word "overmuch." Is there enough radicalism in our Christianity? Or are we trying too much to avoid the overmuch of full consecration?

"Conviction affects character through conduct." With all Solomon's knowledge about God, did he have a real conviction of God? Can we really believe God and excuse our wilful sins as experiments in living? Distinguish between healthy and unhealthy curiosity about life.

INDUSTRIAL CHAPLAIN

(Continued from page 45)

more workers appear before him at the Sunday sessions. Even that early, he recalls, men would come to him after the services and declare they were going to attend their own churches again, regularly. Occasionally a man would speak to him, low-voiced, with tears in his eyes, and confess that the sermon had shown how wrong was his way of life.

Things were going well with the factory services when Monteiro realized one day that his family responsibilities and increased work would no longer permit him to attend seminary classes. He prepared to give up the seminary. But when word of his plight somehow got to his boss, Monteiro got a summons to the front office.

"We think you are cut out for the ministry. We think you can do a lot of good," he was told. "So we're arranging to pay your tuition and all living expenses through the rest of the seminary."

Thus did this factory worker become an ordained minister, after a decade and a half of toiling with his hands.

As an ordained minister, Monteiro was assigned to a Newark Presbyterian church as an assistant pastor. He was being prepared to accept a church of his own, like any other ordained minister. But his tenure in the regular ministry was brief. One afternoon, Monteiro wandered into his old working place and offered to conduct a 50-minute service weekly. The offer was snapped up—boss and union officials joined in a welcome.

Did that disappoint the new minister's church? Not a bit. Promptly, the Committee on National Missions of the Synod of New Jersey took over sponsorship of Monteiro's work, and thus the industrial chaplaincy came officially into being.

Monteiro, his salary paid by the Synod of New Jersey, was free to extend the industrial chaplaincy into other industrial plants. The second factory on his "circuit" was a plant across the street from the Barnett plant. Others joined the string until there were eight. Monteiro today finds himself making the rounds of these eight factories continually, visiting sick workers and bosses in hospitals and homes, looking up the widowed and forgotten, counselling with worker and supervisor alike on all manner of personal problems.

The industrial chaplain—now a professor—likes to talk about his parishioners, at least one trait he has in common with conventional pastors.

Service after service, he says, these clock-punching worshippers turn out almost to a man. They have organized "committees" to build altars and benches and post notices. They permit Monteiro to enclose mimeographed half-minute sermons in their pay envelopes. In one foundry, the workers designed and cast in gleaming metal a large cross for their altar. In a machine shop, they built a craftsmanlike altar.

But to this trail-blazer in the industrial, 1947 model of circuit-riding, the important fact is that his audiences—made up of workers and bosses alike—find themselves sitting together and thinking together. And liking it!

FOSTER PARENTHOOD

(Continued from page 24)

Their looks haunted me.

Children in an institution like to feel that they belong; that a mother, father or friend hasn't forgotten them completely at such times, although that is sometimes the case. Authorities believe that it is better for a child to be with a parent on Thanksgiving or Christmas, even though the parent is unable to properly provide for him, than to remain at the Home.

A supervisor told me of overhearing a conversation between two children, one who had stayed at the Home for Thanksgiving, the other who had gone out.

"Betcha wish you was here," said the former. "We had turkey, dressing and cranberries. Gee, it was good. What did you have?"

"A bologna sandwich," replied the other. Then, with a note of pride, "But I was with my father!"

Nothing more was to be said.

And so we got into the habit of bringing kids in. It is impossible to be jaded with life or downhearted with them around. We were "Pop" and "Mom" to dozens of them before the winter was out. Occasionally jaunts of exploration to the city were memorable all around. If you want a bit of a fling, take five youngsters who have never been there before to a department store, particularly around Christmas time.

Some of our friends have also found it fun to take children into their homes. With refugee children, war casualties, being admitted to this country, there is a special need. If you are interested in the plan, here are a few hints. The social service worker in your church or community will tell you what children are available, and where. If you have children of your own, bringing others in may prove helpful to your children as well, as it did to ours. If you have no children, it is advisable to get two at least. The institution or agency sponsoring the children usually takes full responsibility in case of accident. Of course, it is understood that you take good care of them. Such an experience will brighten your lives and others.

Looking back on our experience, we wouldn't have missed it for anything. "With a full house all the time, when do you get any peace or quiet?" a friend once asked me. I had to laugh. I was reminded of the early evening din at home, the agonized toots of a bugle from the den, someone practicing the viola in the living-room, and over all the blare of the radio.

And yet I'm haunted by the thought of the time when the children grow up and go, when these sounds are stilled. The idea of living in a house reverberating with emptiness seems appalling. To my friend I replied, "We get as much peace and quiet as we want!"

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YOUR AGE IS SHOWING

(Continued from page 32)

she is quite deliberately, through fear of some day finding herself alone and empty when her family grew up and moved into their own lives. When her children were still quite young, this woman embarked each year on a new enthusiasm. During the fourteen years since she started on this program, she has done some creditable oil painting, book binding and sculpturing, although she began with no more than normal talent for each. She also completed her college work interrupted by her marriage, and is now working for a master's degree. She has done some amateur acting; she has helped in a settlement house, and once ran a fairly successful antiques shop.

I would consider her a near-perfect paragon of human activity rightly directed—except for one thing. Her program has been based on intelligently-sublimated fear and mental restlessness, not on any deep spiritual awareness of the joy and possibilities of living. Hers has been a corrected negative instead of an abundant positive. She has made much of herself, because she was relying confidently on herself.

But the woman who is a *genuine* inspiration to me has worked in a partnership. She has made much of her life, because she has relied confidently on God!

Before I knew her intimately, I considered her an exceptionally keen career-woman, always well-dressed, always interesting and well-informed, and a constant source of amusement to herself. I knew that she read good books, saw plays, and understood (as well as any of us can) current events as they take place around us. All the outward things I knew about her were pleasant and admirable. But the best thing about her, the source from which all the rest sprang, was hidden from the casual observer.

When she discovered, however, that my major interest in this world is in reverently tracing God's hand in the affairs of men, she showed me that deeper part of herself, for we knew then that we have the very best things in common, and so are closely related to each other. Charming as she always had been, she became for me immediately more vivacious and authoritative as she talked about how God had led her through a quite difficult new step in her environment.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked me frankly. I guessed as honestly as I could. "Somewhere in your early forties."

"No, I'm sixty-four," she said. When she saw the astonishment on my face she said seriously: "I don't know whether or not I can explain this to you, but I feel that I have kept as young as I am because I have utter faith that

God is just as present and powerful today as He always was. In other words God doesn't get old nor weak, nor slowed-down. And if we depend on God for our life, neither should we."

She went on telling me how in very practical ways she has acted upon this faith, expecting with God's help to find every year undiminishing in activity and joyousness.

Lately it was necessary for her to move to a new part of the country in order to help in a bereaved household. The temptation to fear that she could not find useful work there was met and banished by her faith. The first agency she went to asked her age, and she told it honestly, and they bluntly replied that it would be impossible for them to find her the kind of position she was capable of holding. She thanked them pleasantly, and assured them that she knew there would be a place where what she had to give was needed and would be welcomed.

Within two weeks she did have a position, in an architect's office. At the end of a couple of months, however, she resigned—and for exactly the same reason a youngster might resign, "because there wasn't enough opportunity for advancement in the future," she told me, with no consciousness that she was saying anything remarkable. Although she had nothing else in view, she had no fear about resigning for this good reason, for it was acting upon her faith in God and the future. Within a few days, she was located in another position with a large magazine.

But here again her faith had to be tested, for she soon found out that her chief was an alcoholic. She felt uncertain as to how to deal with this. She thought of resigning, but she was proud of the magazine and her connection with it. So she prayed every day for God to tell her what step to take.

In two weeks after this, she was called into the manager's office and asked if she would be interested in a research position in the library. The head librarian had noticed the way she conducted herself in the difficult situation, and had asked to have her added to his staff. It was exactly the kind of position she had wanted all her life.

"Do you wonder that I feel blest?" she asked me with beaming eyes, "and that I wake up every morning saying 'Thank You' to God?"

And so will life continue to bring delightful surprises to such a one as this, for she knows what life is and from whence it comes. It cannot ever be less than divine adventure, fresh and undimmed every day.

Youth? It has nothing to do with the passing of years. It means being renewed every morning, as the dear earth itself is renewed. It means having psalms of praise and joy strumming along the harps of the mind, and singing those psalms into praiseful activity.

CHURCH ON QUAKER HILL

(Continued from page 25)

church should meet there with regularity. He further specified, in keeping with the Quaker tradition, that no collections should be made during the services. (This in no way explains our large congregations, because we have a box on the wall of the vestibule where those who so desire may place their offering!)

The minister is the Reverend Ralph Conover Lankler, D.D., who has been preaching for us, during the summer, for the past twelve years. The remainder of the year he is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cortland. During the week the "dignified dominie" doffs his robes of divinity and coaches baseball, conducts community activities, and plays golf with his parishioners. He and his wife conduct a school of religious education every Sunday prior to the morning service. The building used for this purpose is a "converted" bowling alley back of Akin Hall where, instead of knocking down tenpins, the Ten Commandments are knocked into the heads of our children.

The call to worship is heralded by the ringing of a bell bought from a little denominational church in Massachusetts that discontinued its services in order to become part of a larger federated church. The bell is a symbol of the desire for inter-denominational activity that our church represents and seeks to promote. We have in our congregation every branch of Christendom, and at times, Jews, Buddhists, Moslems.

We of the laity help as we are able in the conducting of the services of the church. The bell-ringer is an executive of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. At the console of the organ, purchased with proceeds from baseball games played by "The Nine Old Men," is the vice-president of the Bowery Savings Bank. Our ushers are executives in the merchandising and advertising fields. We have no choir, but occasionally one of the residents of the Hill will have a guest with operatic talent who will contribute his services.

Akin Hall is the one place where all of the people who live on the Hill meet—rich and poor, young and old, city executive and farmer. Here is where you will find the Governor of our state, who with his family seldom misses a service of the church, enjoying personal association without thinking of his official position.

We know that if life in our community is enjoyable to us it is because we have centered it around the church. We are striving to do in our generation what Cyrus Swan said when Akin Hall was dedicated in 1881:

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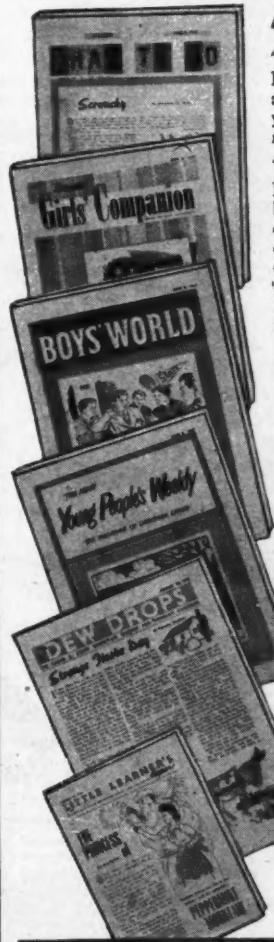
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—Pathfinder.

He Made His Bed . . .

In the grey light of early morning, the traveler faced the night clerk of the country hotel.

"You gave me the worst bed in the place," he began. "If you don't change my bed before tonight I shall go to another hotel."

"There's no difference in the beds, sir," replied the clerk, respectfully.

The traveler smiled ironically. "If that's so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine?"

"It's occupied, sir."

"I know it is—by a man who has been snoring all night, and who was at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep for six solid hours at a stretch."

"The beds are all alike," repeated the clerk, firmly. "That man has been here before, sir, and he always sleeps on the floor!"

—Montreal Star.

Count Your Change

Briggs took the ticket the agent gave him, picked up his change and walked away. A few minutes later he was back again at the ticket window.

"You gave me the wrong change just now," he said to the clerk.

"Sorry," said the agent, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It cannot be rectified now. You should have called my attention to it at the time you bought your ticket."

"Well, that's all right, then," said Briggs, with a faint smile. "I'm not worrying. You gave me five dollars too much."

Strictly Union

Garage owner: "Fifty dollars? That's outrageous! I wouldn't pay Michelangelo that price to paint my garage!"

Painter: "If he does it for less we'll picket the place."

—Motorist.

Turnabout

Two little girls were playing. One pretended she wanted to rent the other's playhouse.

"Have you any parents?" the playhouse owner asked.

"Yes, two," was the reply.

"I'm so sorry," the small landlady said, "but I never rent to children with parents. They're so noisy and destructive."

—Look.



LUNDBERG

Brief Encounter

It was one of those exasperating sidewalk situations when a man and a woman, coming in opposite directions, jockeyed to the right, then to the left, together, in an awkward effort to pass each other. When the snarl was finally unraveled, the man politely tipped his hat and said, "Well, good-bye. It's been fun knowing you!" —*Builders.*

Weally!

A man who could not sound the "r's" was telling a neighbor of a "wow" that he had witnessed.
"A what?" said the neighbor.
"A wow," replied the man.
"What is a wow?"
"Why, don't you know, a wow—a wiot—a wumpus—a wacket!" —*Watchman-Examiner.*

Simple

A lawyer asked a prospective juror: "Who influences you the most—the witnesses, the judge, or the lawyers?"
And the prospect replied: "I ain't influenced by anything said by the witnesses, judge, or the lawyers. I just look at the prisoner and say to myself: 'If he ain't done anything wrong, why is he here?' and I vote 'em all guilty.'"

In the Dark

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food butcher came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas, and each bought one. As one of them bit into his, the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness:

First Mountaineer: "Have you et yours yet?"

Second Mountaineer: "Not yet. Why?"

First Mountaineer: "Well, don't touch it. I've eaten one bite and gone blind." —*McCall Spirit.*

Guaranteed?

The great editor was dying. The physician leaned over him with a stethoscope, listened a few minutes, and then rose sadly.

"Poor man," he announced, "circulation almost gone!"

With an effort, the editor lifted his head.

"Get out of here!" he ordered weakly. "It's over four hundred thousand and gaining every day."

Autographed Copy

Little Tommy had bought Grandma a Bible for Christmas, and wanted to write a suitable inscription on the fly-leaf. He racked his brain for what to write, until he remembered that his father had a number of books which he presented to his friends, and in each one wrote an inscription of which he was very proud. So Tommy decided to copy it.

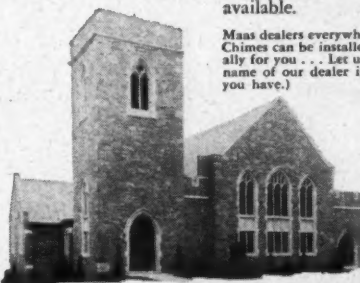
Imagine Grandma's surprise on Christmas morning when she opened her gift, a Bible, and found neatly inscribed the following phrase: "To Grandma, with the compliments of the Author." —*Link.*

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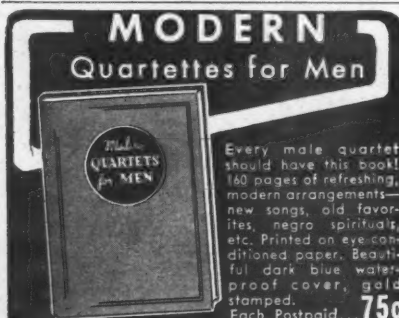


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Fire Hazards

Our trustees wish to know whether there is any method of inspecting a church building in the hope of discovering and removing fire hazards.

All causes of fire that exist on the property can be avoided. Send ten cents for a schedule to guide in a fire-prevention inspection. There should be such an inspection made every summer. And while we are thinking of fires, be sure in this time of terribly high costs to have your church property protected by adequate insurance. An architect can render very valuable service in estimating for you the replacement cost of your church.

Pastors Need Training

Where can a pastor learn what he needs to know in order to lead his congregation intelligently through a church-building program? We receive no training in this matter at the theological seminary.

We understand that the Theological Seminary Association now has a committee working on the whole matter of theological education to train candidates for the Christian ministry. Certainly we hope this committee will recommend not only that a pastor be taught how to lead in a building program so that the program will in every way be successful, but so that it also will prove to be a very effective means of increasing the religious power of the congregation.

The pastor should know at least as much about Christian architecture as he is expected to know about Christian literature, Christian hymnody, and religious music, in order that he may

DEBORAH, 1947

(Continued from page 39)

and a prime mover in any humanitarian project in Holland.

With that background, it is not surprising that when the war came she was chosen leader of the resistance movement in her area. The enemy seized and destroyed her newspaper plant. But that didn't stop her. She had already removed enough of the mechanical equipment to start an underground sheet. She called it *Trouw* (meaning "Fidelity"), and throughout the war her paper had a circulation of 150,000 copies, was distributed from hand to hand by underground agents all over the country, and had an estimated readership of 12 persons per copy.

give effective guidance to his congregation. He should know how to select an architect, and how to lead his people so that the needed facilities will be provided in the architect's plans. He should learn to help the congregation reject undesirable features in plans or designs of the exterior, and how to approve good plans and exterior designs.

We shall be happy to send upon request copies of bibliographies of religious architecture and other material helpful to pastors.

In General:

We are glad to report that recently some churches have started their new buildings. In the cases we know of, the very best available contractors were secured, contractors who really believe in the church and its functions.

These contractors were able to learn about available labor and materials. They worked closely with the architect so that the most readily available good materials were specified. There was the closest cooperation from beginning to end with the selected contractor. Then the contractor made a bonded guarantee as to the maximum cost of the building. If the cost of the finished building proves to be less than the maximum guaranteed amount, then both church and contractor will share in the saving.

Materials gradually are becoming more plentiful. However there is still a tremendous volume of new building in the commercial, civic and industrial areas, so for a considerable time to come church building will have to compete for materials and labor. Prices are likely to remain high, at least for another year.

However, many churches are raising more money than they ever expected they would be able to do. There should be no delay either in raising funds or developing plans and specifications.

In many parts of the country we have found that banks are eager to lend money to churches at very low rates of interest. We hope, however, that this will not encourage churches to incur debts which may prove to be overly burdensome in the future.

No person in Holland was more successful in enlisting resistance forces. And she enlisted them on a religious, rather than merely patriotic, basis. "Holland is invaded not only by a foreign enemy," she cried through the columns of her paper. "We are waging war against the enemies of Christianity. To arms, Hollanders, for the sake of your homes, your country, your God!"

They responded, by the thousands. And she personally led those operating in the Amsterdam area, planned their attacks, plotted out their objectives. It was by no means all military. She led foraging expeditions, for example, to obtain food, clothing and ration cards for the underground workers who quite naturally could not get these by the usual application to Nazi occupation authorities. One coup was a night raid

on the Gestapo headquarters—this time for guns as well as ration cards. The raiders were all women, attired in big aprons, who infiltrated the enemy stronghold as scrub-women—and who emerged with a young arsenal hidden in those aprons, without a single shot being fired or a single haughty Nazi made suspicious.

Profoundly devout, she always went to her knees before going "into action." And she is as sincerely evangelistic as she is devout. She sought constantly to make her followers see the righteousness of their cause—and to pursue it in a righteous spirit.

But her evangelism didn't—and doesn't—start and stop with those on her side. She went after the souls of the enemy as ardently as she goes after her friends.

There was, for instance, the time—the only time—when she was taken into custody by the Nazis. Hitherto she had been too smart for them, going throughout the war under an assumed name and carrying forged papers. Even now she was too smart for them, for she was grabbed only on suspicion, and though she was kept in prison for six weeks the Gestapo could pin nothing on her. But they went to work on her—and she on them.

During one of the more unpleasant sessions, an officer of the Gestapo blithely threatened: "Unless you cooperate with us and tell us who is the leader of these foolish resistance forces, you'll be dead in three months! You're in my hands!" She quietly replied: "That's where you are mistaken. I'm a servant of God, and the time of my death is in His hands, not yours!"

The flabbergasted officer flounced out. But he came back, still trying. So was she. "Tell me," he asked in a verbal change-of-pace one night, "why do you Dutch try to save the Jews? I can understand you trying to save yourselves—but the Jews!"

She smiled. "We Christian Dutch want to bring the Light of Life to all men—even to you."

"Light?" sighed the Gestapo man. "I know only darkness."

"Well, you *can* know the Light. I can introduce you. Shall we pray?"

She dropped to her knees, pulling him down beside her. His conversion didn't "take" that night. But he kept coming back, and his questioning had less and less to do with extracting "intelligence" from her, and more and more to do with finding the why and wherefore of a faith like hers.

Just before she was discharged, he came into the prison one day, his face shining. He whispered: "I just wanted to tell you I've found—Light!" He grasped her hand, then hurried out. She never saw him again.

It was not long after her arrival in the United States as a delegate to

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the UN General Assembly that she heard of CHRISTIAN HERALD's Power Mission. The efforts being made to save hopeless men touched her heart. "I must see it," she said to her secretary. She arrived one night just before meeting time. George Bolton showed her about, and, sensing her spirit, junked his arranged program for the evening and invited her to address the men.

Her address was a sermon—pure and simple. A sermon that challenged the ing and despondent men to leave their past mistakes at the Saviour's feet, drop their despondency, and begin life anew—with a never-failing Friend. Even before she had finished speaking, men started down the aisle to the altar. Fourteen in all came out that night. And when they did, she left the rest of the meeting to George Bolton while she went down to the rail, knelt beside their rags and filth, and personally guided them through the glorious mystery of that experience we call conversion.

That's the kind of woman she is, a woman of such transparent sincerity that she can walk with equal grace beside the royal or the ruined.

The royal? Just after the war closed she was summoned by Queen Wilhelmina for a special citation for her work as resistance leader. After the ceremony, the queen took her arm and led her into dinner. "Dr. Van der Molen," said the queen, "you are skilled in international law. Do you really believe there is any hope for a lasting peace and the eventual triumph of righteousness?"

"I do, Your Majesty—with all my heart."

The queen sighed. "You are a woman of great optimism, Dr. Van der Molen!"

"No, not optimism, Your Majesty," replied this Deborah of 1947. "But you might say—faith."

CONGRESSMEN TO PRAYER

(Continued from page 35)

mass of humanity called the American citizenry, themselves included. And they always find the antidote for whatever virus throbs in the veins of the body politic to be "religion, pure and undefiled." And they are alive to the necessity of increasing the dosage!

These members of the Senate and the House, seated about the breakfast tables, are not primarily interested in promoting "congressional action" to set America right. They recall that long ago St. Paul spoke of what "the Law could not do." They are sadly aware that, however many equitable and beneficial laws they may write upon the nation's statute books, such laws must have the sanction of citizens on whose "fleshy tables of the heart" are written some higher laws which they find peace

and satisfaction in obeying. They are aware that every legislative act which makes more wholesome the environment of an American family is a gain, and should be accounted to Congress for righteousness; but they also know that no gain advanced by that body can be held unless simultaneously there are transformations of character among citizens of evil propensities.

Those who repair weekly to these breakfast tables on Capitol Hill represent a wide variety of political complexions and convictions. Among them are left-wingers, middle-of-the-roads, and reactionaries. Yet in the fellowship of searching for a better way to serve America, their differences are fused into a striking similarity. They become amazingly partisan: *they wish to be numbered on the Lord's side.*

On the floors of Congress they may strive to howl and vote each other down over appropriations for defense, but in the Breakfast Groups they confess that America's security rests not so much upon supremacy in the air, on land or sea, as upon the supremacy in the heart of those qualities from which God builds and protects nations for durable and honorable service.

On leaving a session of a Breakfast Group, these legislators often refer to it as their finest hour. Reference is not to any wisdom that they have imparted, but to the spiritual uplift they have received. The world, so impossible to view from Washington save through a murky, political mist, has appeared to them as from a window seat. Their vision has been clarified and their hopes strengthened. It has been a period of self-examination during which they have searched their own hearts with microscopic care.

Congressmen, like other mortals, are in danger of doubling their energies when they forget their aims. The open Bible on the breakfast table has proved a compass by which they may order their steps in the way of the Lord. In a world rocked by upheavals, they have glimpsed security in reliance upon the foundations "of things that cannot be shaken."

Abraham Vereide's establishment on Capitol Hill of these Breakfast Groups has proved a work of immeasurable value. On Capitol Hill, where fame is fleeting and change is constant, there has been set apart an hour during which men entrusted with the responsibility of national leadership gather to study the blueprints which alone afford the pattern for the eternal in character and government.

Congress has sometimes been called the home of lost causes. One cause, however, will never be lost on Capitol Hill so long as our legislators continue to rely upon the weaponry of prayer and Divine aid such as are made available at meetings of the Breakfast Groups.



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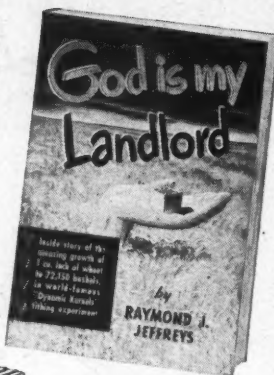
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by DANIEL A. POLING

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REPORT ON THE GERMANS, by W. L. White. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 260 pp., \$3.00). The most intelligent and convincing argument thus far presented against treating Germany as a pariah nation. The author draws a compelling contrast between the methods used by Woodrow Wilson to end the first World War and the fight he made to create a democratic Germany, and what he (the author) regards as blunders that have brought the victors to the present stalemate in drawing up the Peace for Germany. The book will be violently criticized, but its findings should trouble the conscience of the democratic world. It is not too late to correct the errors. With Russia preferably, but with or without Russia, Germany must be given full opportunity to find a new life with free peoples. This author believes, and I believe with him, that the German people can be saved for themselves and for the good of mankind. The alternative to giving them the chance for salvation is to make of Hitler at last a god rather than a devil.

THE MAGNIFICENT BARB, by Dana Faralla. (Julian Messner, Inc., 203 pp., \$2.50). A glorious book of horses and men, and particularly of a boy and a girl and one incomparable horse. The story will tender your heart and dim your eyes and put a glory over the world while you're reading it, unless, of course, you never were a boy with a hungry heart and never loved a horse, or hungered in your heart for one to

love. In these pages is the wit and mysticism of the "auld sod," and the marching spirit of the new.

THE GENTLE BRUSH, by Barbara Giles. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 552 pp., \$3.50). Here is the chronicle of a Southern family. A factual story with lights and shadows both sinister and gentle, where ambition strives against indolence and indifference. Social passion challenges prejudice and age-old wrongs. There are strong men and weak men, good men and evil men, and gentlewomen who suffer. But gentleness because it is strong at last splits a great boulder.

IF A MAN BE MAD, by Harold Maine. (Doubleday & Co., Inc., 435 pp., \$3.00). Another, and one of the best in the Alcoholics Anonymous series. This is the autobiographical narrative of a man's search for the normal world from which he had shut himself out. It will make your hair stand on end, but it may help some people to save more than their hair.

THE PSALMS, by Ronald Knox. (Sheed & Ward, 239 pp., \$2.00). This is a new translation by the author who previously made the New Testament his field. It will be helpful to all readers of the Holy Scriptures, and particularly helpful to Bible students.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, by George Demetrios. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., 245 pp., \$2.75). Delightful stories, folklore and factual, of the mountains of a fabled land. Greece has sent its young men into all parts of the world, but wherever they are and whatever they may be doing, a Greek will always remain a Greek.

CHRISTIAN WORKER'S TESTAMENT, Edited by J. Gilchrist Lawson (336 pp., \$1.35-\$3.75); **PRECIOUS PROMISE TESTAMENT** (John C. Winston, 90 pp., \$2.00-\$3.50). Two lovely little Testaments. The Precious Promise edition has the promises marked in red, from Matthew through Revelation; it is the Authorized Version. The Worker's Testament is marked in red on every subject connected with the theme of salvation. Excellent as gifts, or for any Bible lover, anytime. F. S. M.

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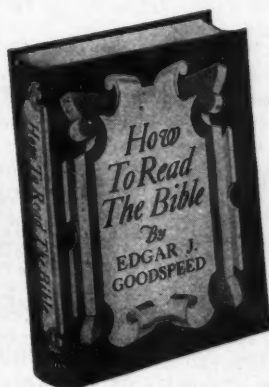
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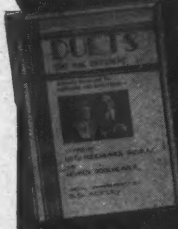
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FOR THE LIVING OF THESE DAYS, by William M. Elliott, Jr. (John

CHICAGO'S SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 18)

over to the Navy, leaving him outside looking in; he stayed outside. Mrs. Olive P. Bruner, the highly respected principal of the Spalding School for Crippled Children, got a telegram at 7 P. M. one evening telling her to report to another school next morning; her job at Spalding went to Miss Celestine Igoe, sister of a judge in the Kelly machine. William T. McCoy opposed an alderman in the 10th Ward, and won himself a demotion and a salary cut of \$700; one of the teachers under McCoy had been a student in Dr. Johnson's classes, and was a close friend of the McCahey family.

Just to make it complete, Johnson moved in on the Chicago Teachers College, from which came practically all the elementary and many of the high-school teachers. McCahey helped Johnson here; they installed a spy system which reported on conversations, actions and attitudes of faculty and students; they ordered courses dropped when the course of the man teaching it didn't just suit them; they appointed their favorites to teaching positions; Johnson ordered that there should be no criticism of the Chicago schools in any Teachers College classes. That he really controlled the college is to be seen in the procedure he used in 1943, when he first reduced the enrollment of the college, and then, in one fell swoop, dismissed twenty-one of the faculty and

Knox Press, 154 pp., \$2.00) Grassroots religion, down to earth, well illustrated with stories the layman will love, this is as practical a handbook on practical religion as we've ever seen. In the form of eighteen essays or discussions, they must be read by the preachers, should be read by the laymen. F. S. M.

HOW TO HOLD AN AUDIENCE WITHOUT A ROPE, by Josh Le. (Ziff-Davis, 280 pp., \$3.00). The best book on how to make a speech and make friends out of audiences that we've ever read. Readable as fiction, it is crammed with after-dinner stuff you'll mark and use. It isn't just first-aid for timid speakers: it's the whole works! F. S. M.

A GARDEN TO THE EASTWARD, by Harold Lamb. (Doubleday, \$2.75) This novel had for me an irresistible allure. Perhaps I expected too much, but the author's past justified my confidence in his present. There is fine writing between these backs but a great disappointment. One is reminded of "Lost Horizon" which doesn't help the present story. Things happen so conveniently that the reader, even when he tries, just can't be convinced. Finally, the extra-marital relationships of the principal characters are a needless affront. They are without justification in the book's very fine writing. D. A. P.

transferred twenty-one others to other institutions.

That really did it, so far as teaching morale and efficiency were concerned. A black pall of fear and insecurity settled down over the whole school system; teachers spoke in whispers, if at all. The threat of transfer and demotion was an effective gag, for most of them. They were transferred so fast that discipline in the schools became a problem; schools were overcrowded; some classes went for weeks without a teacher, even when substitutes were available. The loyal got in and the disloyal were thrown out; freedom died, and educational standards tumbled.

It became rumor and then fact that only so many could pass the examinations each year for entrance to the Chicago Teachers College—where one must go if he wanted to teach in the city.

It was also first rumor and then fact that under the Irish Catholic domination of James McCahey (McCahey really ran the show; Johnson was never much more than a stooge), Catholics were highly preferred over Protestants. When the Johnson-McCahey dictatorship started, the proportion of teachers in all Chicago schools was about 30 percent Catholic, 70 percent Protestant; today it is about 60 percent Catholic, 40 percent Protestant. There has been a lot of wild rumor and misrepresentation in this department, but the general trend is pretty plain. Perhaps it was to have been expected, with the Irish generally running things in the city, and

with Johnson turning Catholic during his term as Superintendent.

One of the neatest tricks that Johnson pulled was to get his own textbooks into the schools. Only they weren't his own textbooks. He corralled fifteen or twenty of the best teachers downtown, set them to writing texts on all sorts of subjects, at the taxpayer's expense (the taxpayers also paid their substitutes in the classrooms) and then signed them himself, as either author or co-author of the more than twenty texts the teachers had written! Mr. Johnson "wrote" on everything from good English and good neighborliness to ceramics and needlecraft. The books sold widely outside the city and state. While it is doubtful that he dared collect the royalties included in the sale of these texts in the city, heaven only knows how much he collected outside the city—and heaven isn't talking.

McCahey, too, got in on the textbook end. He traveled to Europe in 1937, and he was entertained in England by the Pitman family. On his return to Chicago, he thought it might be good to substitute the Pitman system of shorthand for the systems then being taught. He ordered it, and it was done. It leaked out among the shorthand publishing houses that a change was to be made, and their representatives swarmed in to town. One agent came in with \$30,000 in his pocket; he negotiated through a

notorious underworld character named Skidmore, and he almost got the contract. But something went haywire; according to the report of the National Educational Association, "Skid" told him one morning that "everything's off; the other company raised the ante."

Underworld characters were not too prominent in this picture, but they were there. Certain enemies of McCahey, with malice in mind, reminded the writer of a Chicago coal strike which was fought bitterly by coalman McCahey; it was finally broken with the help of strong-arm work on the part of "Three Finger White," gangster. Of course, it would be hard to prove.

One John Reed, of an unsavory reputation, became McCahey's "publicity agent." Jack Fewkes, head of the Chicago Teachers Union, dropped in to see McCahey one day—and ran into the redoubtable Spike O'Donnell, gangster lord second only to Al Capone in underworld lore. O'Donnell walked and talked with McCahey, and looked long and intently at Fewkes. Rumor has it that Fewkes was saved from a bad beating or worse only by the intervention of the F. B. I.

Fewkes escaped his beating; others didn't. No less than seven teachers were slugged or beaten; C. L. Vestal took a beating in his own classroom, before the children of his class; the youngsters got the number of the car in which

the thugs escaped, and there were arrests. But Jack Sheridan, gangster, appeared briefly in court for the culprits, and the case was never brought to trial.

A slightly gentler type of strong-arming was employed in the matter of bills submitted to the Board of Education. Those bills were hard to collect; somehow a lot of them just didn't get paid. Some there be in Chicago who still say you could get your bill collected for ten percent of the total, but the boardsmen deny it.

Of course, no respectable firm would play like this; the ethical ones refused to have anything to do with the Board business, lucrative as it was. Hence it came about that the school supplies were purchased largely from dummy business-houses—little, unknown hole-in-the-wall "firms" with nothing more than desk space in a loft or a telephone address. The dummy firm would submit a bid, get it, and sell to the Board at market prices—plus ten percent.

If the Board knew what was going on, it didn't tell the people, who were really paying the bills.

Board meetings would have made good vaudeville acts. They were held in a room capable of accommodating 150 to 200 witnesses—in a city of four millions! At one meeting (Feb. 21, 1945), 26 reports were read in a low monotone which could not be heard ten feet from the reader; 36 reports, motions and

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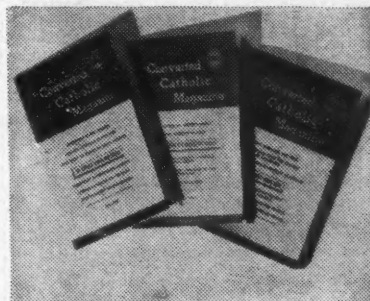
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resolutions were read, and they were not heard, either; three reports from the schoolboard attorney were read in a mumble and passed with no discussion whatever. There may have been five hundred bills ordered paid, or none; nobody knew. The meeting lasted just nine minutes.

It was, all in all, a nearly impregnable set-up. It seemed certain that Johnson and McCahey, between them, would wreck the whole public school system. Only two things saved it: tenure for the teachers, under which they could be transferred but not fired, and under which enough of them stuck to their guns and their standards and traditions, and public indignation, which, in spite of a seemingly hopeless situation, was becoming more and more vocal—and more and more organized. But there were a lot of people around Chicago who said it would go on and on, and that there wasn't anything or anyone strong enough to stop it.

Of course, it couldn't go on. Resentment smoldered, and opposition to such highway robbery of the people's rights began to snowball. The National Education Association investigated, made a report that all but blew the roof off every schoolhouse in town, expelled Mr. Johnson from the NEA, and called for a housecleaning. Governor Green called for a legislative investigation; Kelly countered with a suggestion that all Illinois schools, which ranked 42nd among the 48 states in "effort put forth," be investigated.

Kelly had his back to the wall, and he knew it. But he didn't move until the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which was in charge of accrediting Chicago's high school graduates for college, let it be known that Chicago's schools were in such bad shape that they stood in a good way to be dropped completely from North Central's list, and have no accreditation whatever.

That did it. The parents of the long-suffering children, ably accompanied by several civic groups, set up a howl that was heard even in City Hall. Kelly had to do something with his School Board then. And he did it.

The Mayor called in what was to become a famous "College Presidents Committee" to investigate. The committee was made up of five local college presidents and the president of the North Central Association; the Mayor promised that "For my part I shall be bound entirely by your advice." To give him credit, he kept that promise. He asked the committee to look things over, and tell him what to do.

They told him. They suggested first of all that Mr. Johnson be fired; Johnson read the bitter words, and resigned within two hours' time. (McCahey bowed out a little later, 12 months before his term expired.) They made it plain that the Board of Education—all

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of them—had better resign too; five of them did so within a matter of weeks, but the rest refused to get out. Thereupon, the committee proceeded to make one of the most novel suggestions Chicago educational circles had ever heard: namely, that members for a new Board of Education be secured by way of a Commission on School Board Nominations that would give the mayor two names for every vacancy as it occurred on the board, from which he might select one. Nobody had ever heard of such a method before; school board appointments were political jobs, filled by vote-minded mayors, not by high-ranking educators.

This Commission on School Board Nominations, furthermore, was to be made up of fifteen representative citizens designated by the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Bar Association, the local C. I. O. and A. F. of L., the Chicago Medical Society, Technical Societies Council, Civic Federation of Chicago and the Parent-Teacher's Association.

The mayor did it; the commission went to work. They had five vacancies to fill on the purged board still in office under McCahey; they decided to put on the board one professional educator, one outstanding business leader, two who would be qualified by reason of special interest and knowledge of the public schools, one representative of labor and a final member who would be an outstanding lawyer or doctor or businessman with an intimate knowledge of the public schools.

They offered the mayor ten names; he was to select five. The five who went on the board were no politicians, no rubber stamps; they were drawn from the top level of public-spirited citizens. There was Mrs. Clifton Utley, vice-president of the Illinois League of Women Voters and wife of the radio commentator; Charles Whipple (now board president), a director of the Santa Fe Railroad and the First National Bank; John Doherty of the C. I. O., long a respected labor leader of the city. Harry Bachrach, president of the Chicago Technical College and a teacher in the system since 1901. One member of the old board was reappointed; she was Mrs. Harry Mulberry, formerly president of the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers, and of the Women's City Club.

Chicago threw its hat in the air and cheered for that; after nearly 14 years under the worst possible Board of Education the town had ever known, here were some of the finest people within the city limits, moving in! In 1947, three more good ones were appointed in the same manner: Dr. Paul Van Clefe, chemist and president of the National Safety Council; Dr. George Berghoff was named to succeed the commissions first medical nominee, Dr. Italo F. Volini; the third was William B.



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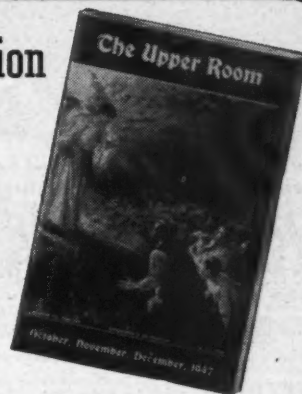
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Chicago still has its fingers crossed; it is almost too much that within two years' time, the worst school board the city has ever had has been replaced by the best one it has ever had! But that is exactly what has happened. Chicago now has a system of nomination, and a system of protection for the public school system that is without parallel anywhere in the United States. It not only protects the city against a bad mayor; it protects the mayor against the ward heeler who comes with the request that Joe Moran, who helped at the polls in the last election, should have a job on the Board of Education. All His Honor has to say to that is, "See the Commission on Nominations!" In a municipality where the board is appointed rather than elected (and appointment, safeguarded, is by far the best way), it takes the politics out of education, and guarantees that competent and unselfish citizens with the know-how will run the educational system.

Insofar as Chicago is concerned, it gets rid of a system that held a stranglehold for a decade and a half. In the place of incompetents who got on the board because they represented voting strength or blocs in various wards, it gives the city a board selected on grounds of integrity, interest, accomplishment and specific qualification. It provides a board made up of representatives from education, law, medicine, finance, business, labor and women's groups. It provides the perfect "out" for the most bothersome problem in democratic administration: the handling of non-elective jobs.

The "reform" board has not been in long enough to make its influence really felt but it has been there long enough to give a hint of what it will do in the selection of its new superintendent of schools. Taking over this month as superintendent is Dr. Harold Christian Hunt of Kansas City, aged 45, graduate of the University of Michigan, Ph.D. from Columbia, Episcopalian layman who loves to substitute in the pulpit for absentee preachers—and generally acknowledged to be one of the nation's finest educators. This is no Johnson, no little local, political favorite who will let himself be pushed around for a good salary. He will receive a bigger salary than the mayor—and to the long-suffering school children and teachers of Chicago, he's worth it.

The moral of it all seems to be that no school system can fall so low that it cannot be rescued, that the education of American youth is too sacred a business to be turned over to the ward heelers, that service on the Board of Education is not a political privilege but a public trust and opportunity, and that the people can do anything—once they get mad enough!

THE END

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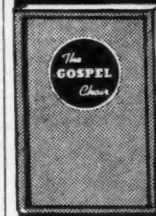
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(Continued from page 43)

much they may play down the evil effects. In other words, the gamble is not between good and bad, but between a little bad, if any, and a lot of bad. When you have to defend a practice by minimizing its harm instead of stressing its value, you had better examine it carefully before merging it into your way of life.

Dr. Robert Seliger, who recently discussed this subject in *Hygeia*, a magazine published by the American Medical Association, says: "Every alcoholic is supposed at one time to have been a social drinker. . . . There is a gamble, no matter how small, that a social drinker may develop chronic alcoholism." If Dr. Seliger's appraisal is correct, the man who thinks he can take it or leave it had better think twice.

If there were any physical benefits at all to be derived from the beverage use of alcohol, it would be food value. A few drinkers have claimed liquor to be a food. Dr. Norman Jolliffe, in the Yale Lecture Series, says: "Alcohol does not contain protein, or the amino acids; it does not contain minerals, iron, calcium; it does not contain vitamins." When you eliminate these food elements you have nothing left except something that makes you fat without giving you any nourishment.

Since your ideal ration should contain a certain number of vitamin units to each 100 calories, the consumption of 1,600 booze calories that don't have any vitamins throws your food balance woefully out of joint.

"Man has been drinking alcohol for 5,000 years," says Dr. Jolliffe, "and has not learned to utilize more calories. A man who requires 2,500 calories and takes in 1,600 calories from spirits will be able to take in only 900 calories in his food."

Among the most common nutritional diseases of drinkers is beriberi. At the Bellevue Hospital in New York, this ailment occurs in 20 per cent of the alcoholics confined there. Another disease is pellagra, caused by a deficiency of nicotinic acid, none of which is found in alcohol calories.

One of the diseases common to users of alcohol is cirrhosis of the liver. One physician says that 99 out of 100 of his patients who have this disease developed it from drinking too much. The most common form is Laennec's cirrhosis. This includes fatty liver. Dr. Jolliffe estimates that 80 per cent of all cirrhosis cases are caused by alcohol.

Dr. Howard Haggard, Director of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology at Yale University, says that one of the most recent and important discoveries about alcohol is that the primary oxidation of it in the system does not occur

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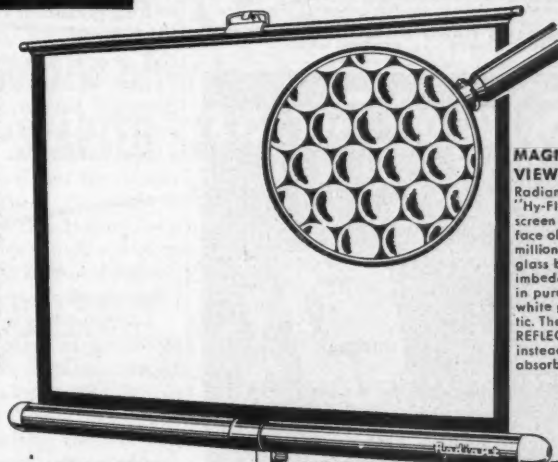
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throughout the body but in the liver alone. Thus, a terrific strain is thrown on this organ, which frequently develops what is known as "scar tissue." Then, frequently after severe drunkenness, the liver may become swollen and inflamed.

The first organ with which alcohol comes into more than passing contact is the stomach. One of its most important effects on this organ is to increase the flow of gastric juice, the fluid used in digesting food. Many drinkers claim this unnatural flow aids the digestion, but test after test shows that alcohol in any amount retards digestion.

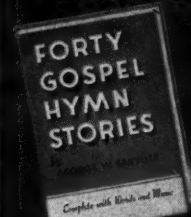
At Yale University, several years ago, one group of students ate a hearty meal without any strong drinks while another ate the same dinner with alcoholic trimmings, such as cocktails, gin-fizzes, and so on. The contents of the stomachs were withdrawn and examined. Digestion was proceeding perfectly in the boozeless stomachs, and very abnormally and imperfectly in the others. One authority concluded that one tablespoonful of whiskey reduces the digestive activity more than 75 per cent. Sir William Roberts, another investigator of several years ago, found that half a pint of sherry wine with a low alcoholic content trebled the time required for digestion.

After alcohol passes through the walls of the stomach and intestine, it is brought to the brain. This is a fact of vital importance to the man who is handling a job requiring a keen and alert mind. Tests along this line were made several years ago by Professor Emil Kraepelin of the University of Heidelberg. He found that even two to four glasses of beer made the memory bog down, and impaired considerably the ability to memorize figures.

One of the biggest gambles "sober drinkers" have to face in an age of high power and high speed is the way even a small drink can slow up the sense of vision and touch. This is important in the handling of machinery, signals, electric controls and other industrial mechanisms where a split second in the reaction of vision may mean the difference between safety and disaster.

The most tragic demonstration of this shows up in traffic accidents. Present figures indicate there will be 40,000 people killed this year in highway accidents and well over a million injured. The systems used in summarizing traffic accidents vary so greatly from state to state that it would be impossible to give any reliable estimate as to what percentage of these accidents is due to drinking drivers. But a few years ago four important cities did make an exhaustive investigation of each automobile accident to see whether or not liquor was a factor. Evanston, Ill., reported that 38 per cent of her accidents involved a drinking driver; Uniontown, Penna., 48 per cent; Cleveland, Ohio, 56 per cent; and New York City, 51 per

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cent. These figures indicate that nearly half the drivers tested after being injured or killed had alcohol in their systems.

The worst of it is, most of these drivers were "sober drinkers." They are the real menace. Mighty few really drunk persons attempt to drive a car. After taking only a drink or two, a man driving 60 miles an hour three or four hours afterwards goes along with reckless abandon. The effect of the alcohol produces a cocksureness that means danger not only to the driver but to everyone on the highway.

There have been plenty of investigations to prove that a person who flogs his system with alcohol, even in moderation, puts a severe handicap on his life. A number of years ago, 42 American life-insurance companies tabulated records of several policy-holders who admitted being drinkers at the time the policies were issued. They found that individuals who drank two glasses of beer a day had a mortality 18 per cent higher than the average of all their insured clients. Those who had been occasional heavy drinkers, with periods of soberness or light drinking in between, had a 50 per cent heavier mortality. Steady "moderate" drinkers stacked up a death rate 86 per cent greater than the general average.

With all this documentary evidence stacked against liquor, there is only one conclusion we can safely draw in regard to its use. That is the necessity for total abstinence.

There is some truth, of course, in the assertion that the light consumption of alcoholic drinks does not cause any permanent harm to the person involved. But it is the kind of truth that is dangerous. I do not doubt that you can drink a small glass of whiskey, and, after the upsetting effect to your stomach and other temporary disturbances have passed, you can get completely over it. If you take these drams at rare intervals, and not often enough to have a carry-over effect from one to another, you may have a complete recovery after the temporary disturbances of each dose.

But that is mighty poor logic for its defense! You can take a dose of rat poison and get over it. You can break a leg and have a complete recovery. But you don't have the same urge to repeat them that you get with liquor.

The very fact that you take a second, third and fourth drink at repeated intervals is the danger. Regardless of how seldom you take a drink, you repeat it because you like the taste or the effect. Then it may be only a question of time before there begins a cumulative effect. The habit has a tendency to grow in frequency and amount.

Remember this: If you never take your first drink, or if you let the last one you took be the final one, you will never have a drink problem!

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
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(Cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission)

ONCE again, in our search for the outstanding photoplay previewed during the last thirty days, we turn to a British production for our Picture of the Month. It is not that we are desirous of "plugging" English films in preference to the home-grown product. But the plain truth is that there is nothing in the current Hollywood crop which, in our opinion, comes within shouting distance of the quality and family suitability of our choice this month.

"Nicholas Nickleby" is not only a good motion picture; it is in many respects a great one. Produced at the Ealing Studios and shortly to be released widely throughout America by Universal-International, this Dickens story will probably be granted a firm place among those few film classics which defy time and go on being shown for years and years.

We don't know how J. Arthur Rank does it. But the British film tycoon has a genius for bringing out pictures which are consistently rich in those four elements of photoplay excellence: absorbing story, superb characterization, faithful settings and the "feel of reality." Added to all of that, the Rank presentations are almost invariably clean. (However we may account for other elements in his pictures, this last could be explained by the fact that Mr. Rank is a staunch Methodist, a teetotaler, and a faithful teacher of a Sunday-school class!)

Of course, taking a story from Charles Dickens gives any producer a head start. If he is able to do these literary masterpieces justice, and will not emasculate them in order to introduce "juicier" elements allegedly craved by modern jaded palates, he is almost certain to come up with attractive fare. Not only are all characterizations in "Nicholas Nickleby" well-nigh perfect, the casting equally notable, and the continuity to Dicken's complicated story excellent, with settings and costumes creating complete illusion, but the novel's basic theme is strongly emphasized throughout.

That theme, like most of Dickens' works, has to do basically with social evils of the

"Nicholas Nickleby"



A slur having been cast upon his sister, Nicholas Nickleby (superbly played by Derek Bond) rises to her defense in a stirring scene in this English production.

day. Against these evils he pits his well-chosen characters. In this case, Nicholas Nickleby fights for the oppressed, aided on the one hand and opposed on the other by a crowd of as sharply drawn heroes, heroines and villains as may be found in any literature, ancient or modern.

For young and old alike, this is a picture no film-goer should miss. **A, Y, C**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

**A—Adults; Y—Young people 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (Universal-International). An unusually fine picture, completely entertaining and beautifully performed by entire cast, especially by Wendy Hiller (of "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara") and Roger Livesey ("Stairway to Heaven"). The haunting music of Scotch airs, with background vocal effects by the Glasgow Orpheus Choir are entrancing; the lilting pipes and folk dancing at a traditional festival will bring nostalgia to many a Scot, and the sea and mountain settings are grandiose and awesome. **A, Y**

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS (United Artists). Reminiscent of "It's a Wonderful Life," this is replete with heavenly records upset because of an earthling's attempts to get along without a soul, a heavenly messenger coming to straighten him out, and romantic love doing its part to effect the change. As an exercise in the imagination, this is entertaining and enjoyable. **A, Y**

PACIFIC ADVENTURE (Columbia). An Australian film written around the exploits of Charles Kingsford-Smith, this early chapter in the annals of aviation is full of exciting adventure and dramatic courage, unfortunately marred by drinking. **A, Y**

THE ROOSEVELT STORY (Tola Production). Wholly made up of news films taken during the late FDR's life, this picture's dramatic appeal is lessened by the nature of the narrative designed to hold it together. Supposedly in the vernacular of the "common man," the commentary will be unintelligible to those unfamiliar with "sporty" parlance. Thus it will misrepresent us abroad. Moreover, the attitude toward the events depicted is partisan, lacking the detachment which would give the film the enduring dignity the subject deserves. **A, Y, C**

FIESTA (MGM). Beautiful Technicolor film, giving highlights of Mexican culture. Underlining the fiesta setting, with its color and music, is the theme that parental wishes and plans may be unwise when they fail to take into consideration the children's own aspirations and talents. There are bull-fighting episodes, but of the milder variety. **A, Y, C**

THUNDER IN THE VALLEY (20th Century-Fox). Taken from the novel "Bob, Son of Battle," this story of Scottish shepherds and their dogs will delight the whole family. It successfully blends a good dog story and the life and emotions of two Scotch families. Edmund Gwenn, as the dour shepherd, gives a superb characterization. Beautiful settings and exquisite color, plus high ethical standards, make this a film worth seeing. **A, Y, C**

DEAR RUTH (Paramount). With no other pretension than to entertain, this film, featuring aggressive adolescents and

the complications they can get into, reaches its objective satisfactorily. Not satisfying, however, is the producer's introduction of liquor to stimulate conversation and the insinuation that a girl who doesn't smoke is "queer." A, Y

CROSSFIRE (RKO). Planned as a strong indictment against religious intolerance in general and anti-Semitism in particular, the intent of this story is better than its performance. A great deal of the plot hinges on excessive acts committed while under the influence of liquor. Moralizing is too obvious. A, Y

CHEYENNE (Warner). A rather low-level "western," with a leading man who is a gambler able to get women and money with equal ease. Plot hackneyed; a thriller without much to satisfy the sense of decency. A, Y

THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER (RKO). Shirley Temple as a romantic teenster who thinks she is in love with a successful artist many years her senior (Cary Grant). A lively story of its kind—but we hope the "fixing" of a race at the school picnic will not be imitated. A, Y

FUN ON A WEEK-END (United Artists). A farce-comedy of questionable social and ethical values (trickery, cheating and lying are made to pay off most of the time), this film deals with two young people (Eddie Bracken and Priscilla Lane) who meet on a Florida beach and, mutually broke, decide to pool their wits to gain quick fortune. They manage to fool everyone except, eventually, their consciences. A

THE UNFAITHFUL (Warner). Tense melodrama on the divorce evil, depicting an earnest effort to remedy an acute case in which temporary infidelity has caused tragedy. Lew Ayres, as lawyer and family friend, utters some sound opinions in denunciation of divorce. A

HUNGRY HILL (Universal-International). Based on the Daphne Du Maurier novel and well-played by a competent cast, this social drama portrays the opposition of the Irish villagers to the inroads of industry. Bad working conditions prevailing a century ago are frankly pictured. There are some terrific fights and a great deal of drinking. A, Y

IVY (Universal-International). Intense but sordid drama, laid in London society circles at the turn of the century, depicting the tragic end of a beautiful woman of loose morals and unscrupulous character. A

LURED (United Artists). Well-plotted mystery story, with clever detection in the competent hands of Charles Coburn (as a Scotland Yard inspector) aided by Lucille Ball (as an American girl in London). Strong suspense; good acting. A, Y

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES (Columbia). The famed Gene Stratton-Porter story, sweetly sentimental and effectively told. Good entertainment. A, Y, C

DEEP VALLEY (Warner). Gripping drama showing the influence of hate in causing crime and acute misery, contrasted

Suitable for CHURCH SHOWINGS

• The following 18mm. motion pictures are obtainable from the Religious Film Ass'n., 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N.Y. Additional films for purchase or rental, from this and other sources, will be listed in this column from month to month.

ONE WORLD OR NONE (9 min.; sound). This film strives to make us realize our responsibility in the international control of atomic energy. Stylized drawings and the spoken thoughts of Raymond Swing make apparent the destructiveness of this weapon and force. A valuable film for any discussion group. Rental fee: \$2; slidefilm, speech-notes and guide may be purchased for \$3.

MAN-ONE FAMILY (16 min.; sound). Live action and animation, with a commentary by Sir Julian Huxley, eminent British scientist, are used to give scientific support to the democratic idea of the equality of all men. Debunked are so-called "racial distinctions" in men. A discussion on the theory of race should be used with the film. Rental fee: \$2.50; slidefilm, speech-notes and guide may be purchased for \$3.

BOOK FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW (28 min.; sound). Depicting the American Bible Society's work, this opens with scenes of the placing of the Bible, along with other items, in the "time capsule" buried at the New York World's Fair, and which is to be opened in 500 years. A few war scenes demonstrate the need for the Bible as a book to bind all people in a common faith. Historical sketches portray the wonders of printing and translation from the time of Jerome to the present. A film to use in developing appreciation of The Book. Fee: \$10.

THE NATIVITY (20 min.; sound). First of a new series of films planned to cover the entire four Gospels, made under the supervision of the American Bible Society. ("The Parable of the Sower" and "The Woman of Samaria" are also ready for distribution.) Only spoken word is a narrator's voice reading the King James text against a background of music and the action of the characters in the story. Rental fee: \$7.50.

HEART OF INDIA (30 min.; sound; color). This film gives a glimpse of this land of paradox, and then takes up the story of the life of one Indian boy and how he was influenced to cast his lot with the forces seeking to bring the teaching and spirit of Christ to his country. Produced for interdenominational use by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Rental fee: \$9.

effectively with the beneficent effects of sympathy, love and understanding. A

Definitely Not Recommended

BRUTE FORCE (Universal-International). An exceedingly unpleasant picture portraying human tensions at their worst. Locale: a penitentiary filled with convicts plotting revolt. Unworthy characters: an incompetent warden, a sadistic police captain, an inefficient prison inspector, a dipsomaniac medical officer. While a kind of jungle justice ends the torturing tale, the audience's sympathy goes unwittingly to the criminals. Any possible social implications are overbalanced by the gory brutality and extreme violence.

Good Documentary Films

PASSPORT TO NOWHERE (RKO: "This is America" Series). Courageously facing the question of what to do with Displaced Persons, this reveals the heart-rending plight of the 850,000 unwanted peoples of Europe. With UNRRA now expired, the importance of the spiritual and material aids of Church World Service, American Friends Committee, International Y.M.C.A., Jewish Distribution Committee and others is shown. A stirring record of human tragedy and a challenge to the conscience of America.

GIVE US THE EARTH (MGM documentary). Filmed with the cooperation of the International Committee YMCA, and with the assistance of the Associated Press, this fact film is based on the work of Dr. Spencer Hatch, YMCA rehabilitation expert, in helping Mexican farmers improve their crops by scientific cultivation methods. An excellent demonstration of what can be done in the rural ministry by agricultural missions. All church and missionary groups should see it.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

- (*) A previous "Picture of the Month"
- (†) Definitely not recommended

ADULTS, YOUNG PEOPLE, CHILDREN: A Likely Story; Banjo; The Beginning or the End; Carnegie Hall; Cynthia; The Egg and I; Great Expectations; Henry V; Honeymoon; It Happened on Fifth Avenue; It's a Wonderful Life; I've Always Loved You; High Barbaree; The Jolson Story; The Late George Apley; Love Laughs at Andy Hardy; Magnificent Doll; Margie; The Mighty McGurk; Northwest Outpost; Miracle on 34th Street; My Favorite Brunette; Over the Santa Fe Trail; The Overlanders; The Perils of Pauline; The Romance of Rosy Ridge; Smoky; Sport of Kings; Song of the South; Song of Scheherazade; Stallion Road; Three Little Girls in Blue; The Time of Their Lives; The Yearling; Welcome Stranger.

ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE: Angel and the Bad Man; The Barber of Seville; The Best Years of Our Lives; Blaze of Noon; Boomerang; Brief Encounter; The Captive Heart; Canyon Passage; Christmas Eve; Criminal Court; Dangerous Millions; The Farmer's Daughter; High Conquest; I Cover Big Town; Little Miss Broadway; Love and Learn; The Macomber Affair; The Magic Bow; Mr. District Attorney; Monsieur Beaucaire; A Lady Surrenders; Night and Day; The Other Love; Pursued; The Perfect Marriage; The Pilgrim Lady; The Plainsman and the Lady; The Return of Monte Cristo; The Secret Heart; Sister Kenny; Somewhere in the Night; The Shocking Miss Pilgrim; Seven Were Saved; Smash-Up; Stairway to Heaven; Suddenly It's Spring; They Were Sisters; Thunder Mountain; Till the End of Time; Time Out of Mind; The Years Between.

ADULTS ONLY: The Arnelo Affair; The Beast With Five Fingers; Born to Kill; The Brasher Doubloon; Calcutta; The Corpse Came C.O.D.; Deception; Dishonored Lady; Desperate; Duel in the Sun; The Ghost of Mrs. Muir; The Guilt of Janet Ames; Humoresque; Johnny O'Clock; Jungle Flight; The Locket; The Long Night; Lady in the Lake; New Orleans; Nora Prentiss; Notorious Gentleman; Odd Man Out; Possessed; The Private Affairs of Bel Ami; Ramrod; Riff-Raff; The Sea of Grass; The Two Mrs. Carralls; The Web; The Woman on the Beach.

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THE PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from page 33)

from the tiniest toddlers to the oldest grandmothers, wear small batiste caps, tied under the chin, for it is contrary to Amish belief for a woman to have her head uncovered in the presence of men. Jewelry is forbidden.

Amish boys wear clothing identical to that worn by their fathers, and their luxuriant hair is cut, as is their fathers', by the traditional bowl method. Their sisters and mothers wear their hair combed in the middle and drawn austere back over their ears.

Only Amish young men who are bachelors shave their beards, but mustaches are never worn, a custom stemming from the sect's origin in the turbulent Sixteenth Century when fierce mustachios of the Cyrano de Bergerac variety were the badge of the warrior. The Amish hate war.

Their love for the soil and its tilling, which the "Plain People" regard as their special task on earth, made them outstanding pioneers in this nation's past and superb farmers and stock-raisers in the present. It is not unusual, then, that often they are envied by their "Yankee" neighbors, as outsiders are classified. But the "Yankees" at Middlefield will tell you that the Amish are good neighbors, honest, peaceful and diligent workers who are so non-disputatious they will not even resort to lawsuits among themselves.

Insurance also is rejected by the Amish, although they do borrow from their own people, paying nominal rates of interest. But should a misfortune befall a family, such as a home or barn fire, usually it is not necessary to borrow, for the communal energy of the neighborhood then is turned to a home—or barn-raising, with all contributing equally in material and labor.

The doctrine of "something for nothing" is as abhorrent to these gentle ascetics as is vanity. Therein was created a situation which furrowed many brows in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration when the national economy called for the "plowing under" of crops. While the sect's members would obey the law—obedience to civil law being a tenet of their church—they refused to accept benefit checks for crops they did not produce. In the one small community near Middlefield, thousands of dollars in good U. S. currency were turned down, much to the annoyance of officials of the planned economy, by Amishmen who shook their beards slowly but firmly at this profit which to them was unearned.

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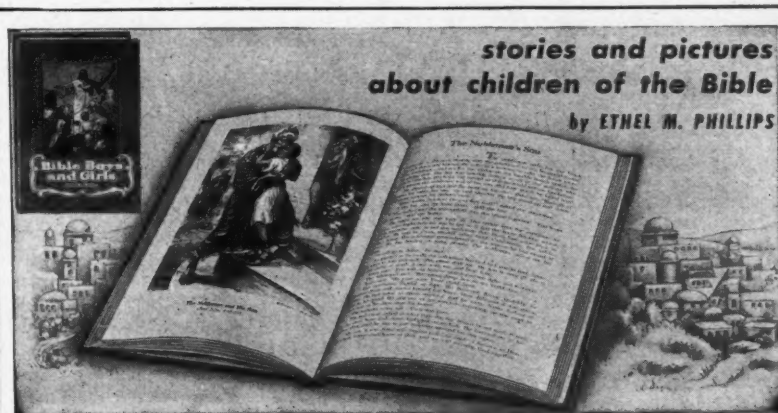
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the Mennonite, comprised of a group of religionists who in 1525 at Zurich, Switzerland, left the state church and adopted the tenet of baptizing only believers in Christ. They discarded the sacerdotal idea and owned no authority outside the Bible and the enlightened conscience, put stress on those precepts which vindicate the sanctity of human life and of a man's word.

This pursuit of holiness by a society pledged to primitive discipline not unnaturally aroused the animosity of other religionists who regarded the Mennonites as something more than merely subversive. Bitter persecution of the Mennonites followed, but the teachings of Menno Simons, the sect's founder, spread to Germany, Holland, France.

To escape persecution in Europe, the first colony of Mennonites settled in Germantown, Pa., in 1683. Here they became pioneers, living useful and hardy lives, still holding to freedom of conscience, opposition to war and slavery and such common practices as insurance and interest on money lent.

Finally there appeared among the Mennonites a schism such as had so often risen in other religions. Followers of Jacob Amen, who believed the Mennonites were deviating from their original credo, became separatists from the original church and established the Amish order in 1690 in Switzerland.

In later years the strictness of the Amish has relaxed somewhat, as evidenced by the fact that some Amishmen today will use buttons on their clothing instead of the hook-and-eye fasteners which had been used for centuries. Now the Amish are reunited with the main body of the Mennonite Church, which has upwards of 100,000 members in the United States.

Today, as centuries ago, the Amish have no formal churches, using only a home for services which are much the same as those in any Protestant church, with a sermon and singing. There are no paid preachers in the Amish Church, and deacons and other officers are chosen by lot.

A recapitulation of the Amish creed is simple, as expressed by an Amishman at Middlefield, but in common with all members of the Amish order he refused the vanity of having his name appear in print. Said this bearded patriarch of the Amish:

"We seek to live according to the example, life and doctrine of Christ; we are to do no wrong, nor cause offense or vexation to anyone, but to seek the welfare and salvation of all men. The Amish do not resist change, but resist changing too fast."

By implication he indicated it is possible that in the Twenty-first Century the Amish may accept the radio, the telephone and motion pictures, as they have adopted buttons.

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(Continued from page 19)

her something, will you, and have it sent out?"

Surprised, Edith nodded. "What would she like, do you think?"

He snorted and waved an open hand in the air. "The same old stuff, I imagine. You know—some kind of gimcrack or other. It doesn't matter. She has so much junk now she doesn't know what to do with it all. Whatever you get is okay." He opened a drawer of the desk and began to shuffle through some papers.

"How much should I spend?"

He frowned. "How do I know? You'll have to find out what you're going to get first, won't you? Spend whatever you want, whatever you have to."

"Yes, sir." She went out and closed the door softly. Slowly she walked to the desk and sank down into her chair. She wondered what Miss Hart had bought for Mrs. Lathrop in the past. If she only knew something about Mrs. Lathrop—but she hadn't even seen the woman. She jumped up, hurried out of the office and down the hall to see Miss Burnham.

Miss Burnham had been with the company for eighteen years. She would know about Mrs. Lathrop. Edith went into the room where Miss Burnham sat with six girls. The morning sun gave a golden tinge to Miss Burnham's snow-white hair and she smiled pleasantly as Edith came to her desk. "Hello, Miss Private Secretary," she said.

Edith grinned. In a low voice she said, "Could I speak to you in the hall for a moment?"

Arched eyebrows marked Miss Burnham's surprise. She stood up and they marched past the other desks to the hall. "What's the trouble?" she asked anxiously.

"No trouble," Edith replied. "But the boss wants me to get his wife a birthday present and I don't know what to get. You know Mrs. Lathrop. I thought you might suggest something."

"Humpf! That's easy. The old hypocrite! If it wasn't for Mary Hart he'd never think about the birthday. She's reminded him every year. But it doesn't make much difference. He has his nose stuck in his business so much, he and the missus have sort of drifted apart—if you know what I mean. The birthday present is only a gesture, so I'd say you use your own judgment and it'll be all right."

"What did Miss Hart use to get?"

"Oh, some sort of jewelry. Last year she got a pair of earrings and a brooch to match. The year before I think it was a necklace or a bracelet or some such thing." She patted Edith's hand. "You just get what you think is nice and that'll be fine, child." She started back to her office, but Edith stopped her.

"How old is she? Is she light or



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dark? How big is she?"

Miss Burnham answered: "She's dark, but she's getting grayer than a squirrel. She wears about an eighteen, and she's still very pretty. But she's old enough to know better." She wiggled her fingers at Edith and went back to her desk.

Thoughtfully Edith returned to her room. All morning, while her typewriter clacked, she wondered what to buy for Mrs. Lathrop. She wondered too whether all busy executives drifted away from their wives, and in a way felt sorry for Mrs. Lathrop—and for Mr. Lathrop as well.

At noon she passed up her lunch to go shopping for the gift. She looked at costume jewelry. It was pretty under the lights, but somehow the glitter made her think of a little ring she had as a child—a ring that made her finger turn green. It had looked like gold, but it really wasn't, and she had been terribly hurt when her mother had made her throw it away. She looked at real gold and sterling silver bracelets and rings and pins, but the enormous prices frightened her. Besides, Mr. Lathrop had said his wife already had so much jewelry she didn't know what to do with it.

She went from store to store, and by one-thirty she hadn't bought anything and was beginning to worry about leaving her desk unattended for so long. Maybe she'd better buy a necklace and be done with it. She retraced her steps in the direction of the jewelry store next to the Palace Florist Shop. But as she approached the door she stopped abruptly. She had an idea. . . .

AN HOUR later she was back at work, taking dictation from Mr. Lathrop. When she closed her notebook and started out he said, "You get a present for my wife yet?"

"Yes," she nodded, "yes, I did, Mr. Lathrop. I bought. . . ."

"Good. Make out a check for 'em. I'll sign it."

"I—I paid for it myself."

His head jerked up and he squinted at her. "You did? How—I mean, that wasn't necessary. My credit's good." Smiling, he took a big checkbook from the middle drawer of the desk, opened it and grabbed a pen. "How do you spell your name? How much do I owe you?"

"Edith Ellstrom—E-I-l-s-t-r-o-m. And I spent ten dollars."

Mr. Lathrop's mouth dropped open. He sat back against the chair. "Ten dollars! Did you say ten dollars?"

"Yes, sir. Was that—too much?"

"Too much!" He leaped out of the chair. "I should've known better than to send a school kid on an errand like that! Where's your common sense? You're just like all the rest—if I want anything done properly I have to do it myself!" he yelled. He strode to the coat-tree, snatched his hat, jammed it

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on his head and rushed to the door. "I won't be back!" he bellowed.

Edith watched him storm out and she jumped as the door slammed. There, she knew, went her job. She blinked only a few times before the tears came. She sat down on the big leather davenport in Mr. Lathrop's office and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. She was sobbing when she heard the door open, and looked up to see Miss Burnham's white head poking in. The old lady closed the door and hurried to the sofa.

She put an arm around Edith and asked tenderly, "Whatever is the trouble, child?"

Edith told her about Mr. Lathrop and the ten dollars. Miss Burnham chuckled. "Mary used to spend two or three hundred," she said.

"But I didn't know that—and he didn't even ask me what I bought," Edith said.

"Yes—what did you buy, incidentally?"

"Well, I looked at ever so many things, but I thought I'd get something a little different. You know—a little more personal, sort of. So I bought a dozen beautiful red roses and a two-pound box of chocolates."

"Aw," Miss Burnham cooed, "wasn't that nice?"

Edith sniffed. "It seemed to me that if I were in her place I'd like flowers and candy from my husband once in a while instead of trinkets all the time." She rose. "That's what I get for playing Pollyanna. I lose my job." She dabbed at her eyes.

"Did he actually fire you?" Miss Burnham asked.

"Not actually. Not yet." She shrugged. "But in the morning. . . ."

IN THE morning she didn't bother to take the cover off the typewriter, or to dust the desk. She took her personal belongings out of the drawers and had them neatly piled on the desk blotter when Mr. Lathrop came in. Edith poked at the little pile to avoid his eyes, waiting until he reached his own office.

He stopped at her desk and said, "Will you come in, please? You won't need your book." She shivered and felt her throat close up as she followed him into his room.

He hung his hat on the rack and turned to face her. Rubbing the back of one hand he slowly approached her. "Miss Ellstrom," he said in a gentle voice, "I'm afraid I'm pretty much of a heel." Puzzled, Edith cocked her head at him. "I said some things last evening that were downright nasty," he went on, "and I'm as sorry as I can be. Could you—would you forgive me?"

She suddenly felt like a balloon, straining to float to the stars. She must be dreaming.

"I can't blame you," he was saying. She saw that he had extended his hand and was slowly withdrawing it. Hesi-

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tantly she put out her own. Mr. Lathrop beamed and grinned as though he really meant it. He pumped her hand up and down. "You're very kind," he said. "Thank you so much."

Edith wanted to get back to her desk and to laugh and cry and shout. She said simply, "That's all right, Mr. Lathrop. I'm sorry about—"

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "You mustn't be sorry. You should be glad. I'm glad. I'm happier right now than I've been in a long time—thanks to you."

She stared at him and shook her head slowly. "I—I don't understand," she stammered.

He took her hand in both of his. "Young lady," he said, "you've done something that I thought nobody could do: You've made a human being out of me again—and you've made my wife a very happy woman."

She swallowed and kept looking at him.

"Your ten-dollar birthday present—the flowers and the candy," he explained. He stared at the floor. "When I was courting Mrs. Lathrop," he continued, "I used to send her a dozen roses—or a box of candy. I was too poor then to buy both. But it was a thrill to her, and I got a kick out of it, too. You know." He wrinkled his nose and grinned.

Edith began to smile understandingly, and she squeezed his hand.

"Last night when I got home, my wife acted a little queerly. She wanted to kiss me when I came in and she brought my slippers down from the bedroom. And what do you think she brought with them?"

"I—I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Lathrop."

"She brought a candy box. She talked about the roses and the chocolates, and I finally woke up to what had happened. And do you know what? In the box were some of the letters I wrote to her a long time ago—and every one of the cards I sent with the candy and flowers. We even read some of the letters—and did they sound silly! But what do you think was on the cards? Nearly every one said, 'With Love, John.'"

"Why, that's what I printed on the one I sent!" Edith cried.

"Yep. So you see what you did? You practically got me to fall in love all over again!"

"Oh, that's wonderful! I mean—I'm so glad."

Grinning, he reached into his pocket and brought out a long leather case which he handed to her: "This is for you," he said.

Edith opened it and gasped. There against a white silk lining was a shining gold chain and a shimmering emerald pendant. "Oh, Mr. Lathrop! It's beautiful! But I couldn't—"

"Ah-ah-ah! No such thing. I'll tell you a secret." He winked. "When I

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dashed out of here yesterday I rushed down to the jeweler's and bought this to take home to Margaret. But I never gave it to her. I left it in my pocket after what happened. Now I want you to have it. Please."

"I—I—oh, thank you, sir," Edith said. She whirled around and rushed out to her desk.

A few minutes later Mr. Lathrop came out and handed her a card. "This goes with it," he smiled, and went back to his office.

Edith read the scribbled words: "With love and appreciation to a fine secretary, John Lathrop."

Dreamily she took the cover off the typewriter. She had never realized before what a beautiful machine it really was. . . . [THE END]

FIRST DRESS

(Continued from page 28)

not rest, as she had the two days previously, but walked back to the field with Sam.

"Ain't you goin' to rest a while?" Sam asked, his voice grave and worried.

"I feel fine," Martha said. "We've done so well it makes me want more than ever to see how much we can do before tonight. I want to surprise Matt."

Along toward the middle of the afternoon Sam said: "I don't claim to be any weather prophet, but it wouldn't surprise me none if it rains 'fore mornin'."

"There won't be much feed left on the ground if it waits until night," Martha said.

"I'm worried about what Matt'll say when he finds out you've been workin' like this," Sam said.

Martha laughed. "You leave Matt to me, I'll manage him."

The middle of the afternoon passed and the sun was slowly dropping in the western sky when Martha saw a horse-man coming toward them.

"Howdy," the stranger said, lifting his large hat. "See you all are tryin' to get the feed shocked before it starts rainin'."

"Do you think it'll rain?" Martha asked.

"Wouldn't be surprised," he said. "It's sure been doin' plenty of it up north. River's up more'n it's been for years."

"The river!" Martha gasped the words. A dizziness swept over her and she caught the shock of feed to steady herself.

"I saw you all here and wondered if you might have some water. I'm thirsty as all get out," the stranger said.

Sam gave him water from the burlap wrapped jug. He drank greedily, then said, lifting his hat: "Guess I better be driftin'. Much obliged for the drink."

Martha knew that she was placing the bundles of feed in place as Sam

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handed them to her, but she could not feel herself doing it. The roaring waters of the river loomed before her and shut out the realization of everything else. Matt had to cross that river before she would see him again!

Suddenly a sharp stab of pain made the bundle of feed drop from Martha's hand. "I think I'd better go to the house, Sam. I'm a little tired. You go ahead and work as late as you can," she tried to keep her voice steady as she spoke.

An hour later Martha was praying that Sam would not heed her words but would come quickly now to the house. As if in answer to her prayers, a few minutes later Sam hurried in the back gate. She called to him.

"Sam I think, that is—I want you to go for Mrs. Bertham now—right—"

She did not need to finish. Sam had turned and was hurrying toward the horse pasture.

If Matt were only here . . . the river . . . quicksand maybe . . . the cattle . . . I'll never see him again . . . the water, red and strong . . . Matt . . .

MARTHA opened her eyes. The kerosene lamp was burning. She could hear the rain splashing against the windows and falling from the roof of the house. Slowly she turned her head. Was Matt standing by her bed? Could it be Matt?

"Is it you, Matt?"

She felt Matt's work-roughened hand close over hers and she knew she was not dreaming. Then she felt the soft bundle on the bed beside her; reality came back quickly.

"He looks like you," Matt said softly. "He's not very pretty then," Martha smiled.

She pulled the blanket back and looked at the tiny form. "He's exactly like you," she said.

"I'm sorry about the things, Martha." Martha looked up and Matt's blue eyes were misty. "What things?"

"Well, you know the things you wanted to make a dress for him."

"Oh, that's all right," Martha said. "I can make them later—"


"I'm afraid you can't," Matt was terribly serious. "Red River was on a rampage, so much rain up northwest. I had to swim the horses and I lost everything, almost lost the wagon too."

Martha was silent for a moment. "It doesn't matter, really it doesn't."

She held Matt's hand tighter. She knew that she meant it, every word of it. Why should it matter when she and Matt had each other—and they both had the baby, a beautiful baby? It was love that counted, and there would be so much love in this house of theirs that little Matt would never bother that his only dress had been made of a flour sack. And he would love this prairie, too, as they both loved it.

THE END

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WHERE TWO WAYS MET

(Continued from page 38)

had been merely to rouse him out of his silly ideas and make him see it wasn't the right way to live. She had never had anyone treat her this way!

It was very quiet now in that room beyond the door, and she couldn't quite figure out what the occupant could be doing. But presently she heard the click of the telephone. She heard him ask for a porter to take his bags down. Bags, he said, not bag. He must be planning to take all his things home! Then she heard the sound of the elevator coming up. That would be the porter after those bags and she did not want to be caught standing here in front of his door. She ran for the stairs.

Later, Paige went and got the mail, then proceeded at once to Mr. Chalmers' room.

"Good morning! Am I too early for you?" he asked. "I found there were some more office letters and I thought it would be as well for me to get them answered and take them up to the city with me at noon."

"Well, you are an early bird," said the boss yawning and giving him a sleepy look.

Paige sat down and went to work. He answered the mail rapidly and soon had the whole lot ready to go. Then he looked at his watch.

"I've just barely time to catch the train," he said. "Is there anything more you need before I leave?"

"Oh no! Come back as soon as you can get free on Monday."

"I'll do my best," said Paige non-committally.

Reva was hovering around on the first floor where she could get a good look at all elevators coming down. She meant to catch Paige and give him a piece of her mind.

But Paige escaped down the back stairs and out the tradesmen's entrance. On the train, he closed his eyes and asked for strength to straighten out this matter the way God would approve. This was not something that concerned his job exactly, though it well might do so if Reva chose to lie about what had happened. Yet he felt that it would be most awkward to remain in that job where he would constantly come into contact with that girl. He dreaded to go back to the resort, yet there seemed no way out until Mr. Chalmers got better. If only Bill Arsdel would return, perhaps Paige could somehow persuade the boss to let Bill change places with him. . . .

JUST how quickly God sometimes answers prayer Paige discovered later when he called the office and Bill Arsdel answered the phone.

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on vacation, so I came home. I hear you've got a cinch of a job. I envy you, Paige."

"Well, say, how would you like to change with me if the boss is willing? There are reasons why I want to be at home. I'll call up and ask Chalmers if he's willing. How about it?"

"I'd be delighted, my boy!"

When Paige finally got him on the phone, Chalmers said: "Is that you, Madison? I didn't expect to hear from you till Monday. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"No, nothing wrong, but Bill Arsdell is back. His clients were all on vacation. And something has come up that changes my plans. I would very much like to stay home, at least for a week or two, and I thought perhaps you'd like to substitute Bill for me."

There was a silence on the wire for a long minute. Finally Chalmers replied: "Well, of course, Madison, I suppose it can be managed."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Chalmers," said Paige. "Don't hesitate to call me if there is anything I can do for you at the office."

THAT evening when Reva, dressed for dinner, came to her father's room, he stared at her speculatively for a moment, then said: "Before we go down, kitten, suppose you tell me what you've done to Paige?"

"I? Done to Paige? Why, what in the world do you mean? I haven't done anything. He's gone home to his Sunday-school class, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he's gone home, but he isn't coming back!"

"Dad, you're kidding!"

"No, I'm not kidding," snapped her father, disappointed at having his experiment turn out this way. "What did you do to him?"

"Oh, we just had some words."

"What over?"

"Oh, that old Bible of his. He got sore at me. He's stubborn and can't adjust himself to people."

"Well, I guess your game is finished."

"Oh, no! He'll come crawling back, Sunday night at the latest."

"He's sending a substitute. He's fixed it so that he won't have to come back at all."

"But you don't have to let him go, Dad. You could have told him he had to come back."

"But I didn't!" said Chalmers. "I certainly don't want a young man working intimately with me who desperately wants to be somewhere else."

Later that night Reva went to her room to meditate. Her spite centered on June. She told herself, with jealous stubbornness, that she would find out about that girl, and then cut her out. Just the way she had snatched the Bible and flung it across the room, so she would snatch that girl away from him.

(To be continued)

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Cancer, Idiots, etc.

Dear Sir:

"Can you name anyone who has achieved anything during the last stages of cancer?" Yes, I can! . . . She is just a humble Christian who kept at work in the Primary Class of our Sunday school during years of increasing pain and weakness, till at last she was confined to her bed. . . . She never fails to pray, not so much for grace and strength for herself (there's never any doubt as to that) but for those who have taken her place in the work of the Church. . . . There are a few who come to her home. . . . They leave inspired to new endeavor and firmer faith. And the one who cares for her testifies that the privilege is comparable to that of the Roman soldiers who were chained to the Apostle Paul.

Wassail, N. Y. FREDERICK W. HARTWELL

Dear Editor:

I had a friend who died a year ago of cancer of the throat, at the age of 32. . . . Although she was not able to talk for several weeks before her death, she would shake hands with us and we always felt strengthened and blessed. She achieved more in those two years of intense suffering than the majority of folks in good health achieve in a whole lifetime. Hers was a ministry of triumphant suffering.

Salem, Ore.

ISABEL HUSTON

Dear Editor:

My 14-year-old daughter suffered for two years with a cancer. . . . She has made many a person in our church a better person. She scattered love everywhere. There was never a complaint, but always the wish that she could tell others what the Lord has done for her.

Cicero, Indiana

LEONA V. KINDER

These were letters written in answer to Miss Dorothy E. Smith (Straight Talk, July issue). We run them without further comment.

Antidote

Dear Editor:

For several months I have been a silent reader of CHRISTIAN HERALD. . . . I have decided to try to offset some of the vitriol (in Straight Talk). I think we Americans have got to the place where we abuse our right of liberty of speech. Liberty is not license. It seems to me that we are just becoming a bunch of fault-finders. It is a habit that grows on one. How much better if we for a season would pick out the best

in people and emphasize that for a while! I think we would feel better on the inside, if we did that.

Konowa, Okla.

EULA V. YOUNG

There's a lot more to this good letter that we'd like to print, but this gives you the general idea. Yes, Mrs. Young, it is queer that so many of us take so much time out of our living just finding fault, but that seems to be the way we're built. We heard a preacher (who was celebrating his 35th anniversary in one pulpit) say the other day that from now on he was going to live on the constructive side. An extra piece of chicken for that preacher!

Communists

Dear Editor:

In the June issue, under Church News, you seem to think and express the idea that members of the Communist Party should have their privileges, the same as other people. When a person or persons prove that they are dangerous to the welfare of the people, they should be placed in a position where they cannot harm others. That is just what should be done with the Communists. They are a dangerous and ungodly group of people. . . .

Jamestown, Ohio

REV. C. A. JAMES

Several of our readers objected to this item, and made it plain that reader James' sentiments were their sentiments too. There is plenty of room for argument in such an item, phrased as it was. Without wishing to defend Mr. Courier's position, we say only that as editors, we are quite as anxious as our readers to rid ourselves of the Communist

ARE YOU TOUR-MINDED?

• A number of inquiries have reached us recently asking when and if CHRISTIAN HERALD is going to resume its sponsored tours, a prewar part of our program which was of high interest—and which promises to be again.

At present we are scouting the possibility of a tour (or tours) to Mexico and South America. In order to sound out the feasibility of these plans, we are asking any readers who may be interested to make known their wishes and preferences.

Address Tour Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 27 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

menace. We differ only on the method. We really haven't much to gain by using Hitler's methods, and we believe the democratic method is a lot better, a lot more certain.

Dirty Digs

Dear Editor:

I was very much interested in your review of "Duel In The Sun." If the picture is objectionable from a moral standpoint, can't you simply state as much, without using this as another opportunity to get in a dirty dig at the Catholics? . . . I get very tired of all our good, clean Christians who go about making cracks about other faiths. The statement that "Protestants would never pass anything so palpably rotten" is quite a far-reaching claim. I know many Protestants who could learn a lot from some of the very fine Catholic friends my family associates with.

In my own personal experience, I have found that there are lots of us who can "talk" a good life, but when the true test comes I have proven that there are more Catholics that live one. . . . May I suggest that you refer to the 7th chapter of Matthew. I especially like the fifth verse which admonishes "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye. . . ."

As publishers of a Christian magazine you are in an excellent position to impress the people with more leaning toward tolerance and loving their fellowman; instead, you would appear to be steeped in bigotry and stirring up ill-feeling. That, my friends, breeds wars.

Snyder, N. Y.

CATHERINE M. BEVAN

That's a good letter! Please get the HERALD's position straight: we respect and will defend the right of the Roman Catholic to worship as he sees fit; we have never, shall never, criticize any individual on the matter of his Christian faith. What we criticize here is the failure of the Legion of Decency to stand against one of the worst pictures in years, to do little about it except to insist that the title of the hideous preacher be changed from "Padre" to "evangelist." That, my friend, isn't doing very much—now, is it?

We have many, many Catholics living admirable lives. We'd hesitate to say there were more of them than there are Protestants; the horns and the haloes in this life are pretty well distributed.

Eventually: Why Not Now?

A good friend in Philadelphia sends us this one:

"The monthly organ of Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, in a recent issue, carried this notice to members: 'We cannot urge too strongly upon you the necessity of patronizing the advertisers in this magazine, and of returning to them the same generous support they are giving us.' The three large advertisements in that particular issue were those of funeral directors!"



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Having proved our point, we pulled our chair out from under us. Got out of the chairmaking business

and left it to those whose business it was. Scores of companies are making all sorts of aluminum chairs now, doing business and providing jobs that wouldn't have existed but for Alcoa's pioneering.

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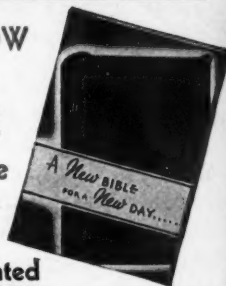
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